

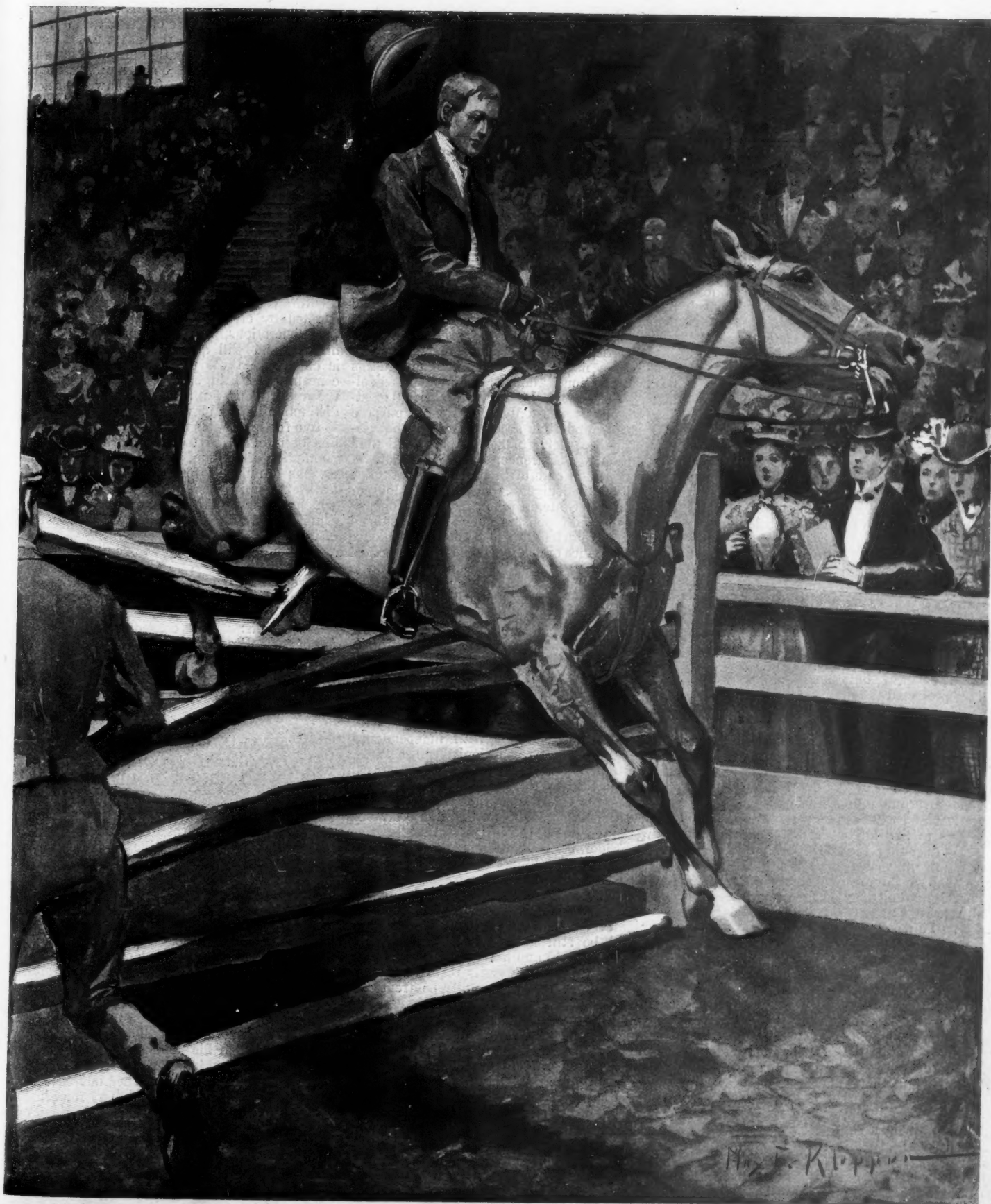
COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 4, 1897.

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CHICAGO'S HORSE SHOW.—JUDGING GREEN HUNTERS.

(DRAWN BY MAX KLEPPER.)

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1897.

THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE CUBAN QUESTION.

BEFORE this number of COLLIER'S WEEKLY shall have met the reader's eye, the first Mayor of the Greater New York will have been chosen. Henceforward, for some time to come, the Cuban question will occupy the foreground of discussion; it will be the urgent and burning issue of the hour. This is no fault of President McKinley's. Scarcely was he seated in the White House than he endeavored to comply with the promise made when he accepted the St. Louis platform, which declared it to be his duty with all possible promptitude to terminate the barbarous and wasteful war in Cuba. He accordingly instructed our Minister in Madrid to inform the Spanish government, in firm though courteous language, that our citizens have suffered grievous injury through the prolongation of a devastating contest in an island which has long been one of the chief consumers of our products, and which has been our principal purveyor of cane sugar and of fine tobacco. We therefore feel ourselves justified, Mr. Woodford was directed to say, in requesting Spain to designate a date at which the destructive struggle in Cuba should cease, and the island be suffered to resume its agricultural and commercial activities. The reply of Spain to this well warranted inquiry has been received, and although the text of it has not been published at the hour when we write, the substance of it is known. Spain declines to fix any date for the termination of the contest, on the ground that we are ourselves responsible for its continuance, owing to the incessant escape from American ports of expeditions bearing munitions of war to the insurgents. Our government will not accept this evasive plea as a proper answer to its demand. It would be easy to demonstrate that from the outbreak of the Cuban revolution our government has used not only due diligence, but extraordinary care, to prevent violation by our citizens or by resident aliens of the rights and privileges belonging to a friendly power. Notwithstanding the enormous length of our Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and the consequent difficulty of enforcing the stringent orders given by our Executive, our maritime police have succeeded in stopping at least thirty expeditions destined to aid the Cuban rebels, whereas Spain, although the greater part of her navy, including scores of gunboats, is employed in patrolling the Cuban coasts, has managed to capture only one. In other words, we have protected the interests of Spain incomparably better than Spain has protected them herself. No attention, therefore, will be paid to that part of the Spanish answer to the Woodford note which openly or by implication accuses us of negligence. What President McKinley will have to consider is the conduct of the Spanish government in refusing to make any categorical and satisfactory reply to our polite inquiry as to the date at which the war will end. By declining to relieve our anxiety concerning our imperiled interests, Spain either denies that we have any business in the premises, or else, admitting that we have been injured, relegates us to discover for ourselves the remedy. To what remedy will President McKinley have recourse? Not, we may be certain, at the outset to a recognition of Cuba as an independent State. There is a preliminary step which should be first resorted to, if we would conform to historical precedents. We refer, of course, to the recognition of the Cubans as belligerents, which is a very different thing from the recognition of their independence. Between the two transactions there is a sharp and deep distinction in international law, but as there is some confusion of thought upon the subject in the daily press, we may do well to state briefly what it is.

Nobody denies that in Cuba war exists as a matter of fact. In the eye of international law, however, it does not exist, until the revolutionists receive some kind of recognition from foreign nations. The prevailing misapprehension touching the course which this country should

pursue toward Cuba arises, as we have said, from a confusion of the various kinds of recognition. Of these, three are defined by Sir Robert Phillimore, perhaps the highest authority upon the subject. There is, first, recognition of belligerency, which is the lowest grade; next comes commercial recognition; and, finally, recognition of independence. Let us explain in detail the differences between the three positions which may be taken toward an insurgent community. We have, first, the recognition of the inchoate State as a claimant for permission to seek as a belligerent the arbitrament of war, that is to say, the acknowledgment of its right at least to contend for separate existence, or, to borrow a phrase from municipal law, of its "title to sue." The form which recognition usually assumes at this preliminary stage is that of a concession of belligerent rights, and this concession may proceed either from the opposite party in the war, or from neutral States alone, or from both. The second stage in the process of recognition, which is not even mentioned by some writers, contemplates a more formal and definite recognition of an insurgent community in the commercial interests of the subjects of a neutral nation. Where a contest is protracted, and there is an appearance of equality between the contending forces, the subsequent conduct of third powers intending to remain neutral, cannot, according to Phillimore, be blamed, if they proceed to a virtual recognition of the revolted State by recognizing its commercial flag and sanctioning the appointment of consuls to its ports. So far we have a recognition of the new State's *de facto* existence, justified by the duties of third powers toward their own subjects, and in no way inconsistent with the continued observance of neutrality between the contending parties. The final and full form of recognition, that of a people's independence, is defined by Phillimore as the formal and public act by which the rights and privileges of an adult political community are acknowledged to reside in a new-born State. Lorimer, in his "Law of Nations," defines belligerency as follows: "Belligerents have an international existence for one purpose only, viz., for the purpose of fighting, and thus ascertaining by the verdict of battle their further right to full final recognition." Laurence, in his edition of "Wheaton," is careful to point out that "The recognition of belligerent rights in a colony or a portion of a State, in revolt from or in opposition to the metropolis, is not to be confounded with the acknowledgment of the independence of such province or colony." To the same effect writes Walker in his "International Law": "Two styles of recognition must be kept entirely and clearly apart. There is recognition of belligerency and recognition of independence." A confusion between Phillimore's first and third kind of recognition has been a fruitful source of error in the criticism of the course pursued by Congress with regard to the Cuban question.

How soon, and under what circumstances, are insurgents entitled to be recognized as belligerents? Some of the critics of Congress, confounding belligerency with independence, have assumed that revolutionists must possess seaports and a stationary capital before they can acquire a title to recognition as belligerents. No basis for this assumption can be found in the authorities. Hall, in his "International Law," lays down the principle that "as soon as a considerable population is arrayed in arms with the professed object of attaining political ends, it resembles a State too nearly for it to be possible to treat individuals belonging to such a population as criminals. It would be inhuman for the enemy to execute his prisoners; it would be still more inhuman for foreign nations to capture and hang the crews of warships as pirates. Humanity requires that the members of such a community be treated as belligerents." The point was discussed at length by Bluntschli in an article on the Alabama question in the *Revue de Droit International*. It belongs, he said, to the domain of law to determine under what conditions a party, which resorts to arms, may be recognized as a belligerent party. War constitutes always, and above all, a fact; but every struggle with the armed hand, even though it may be organized in a military manner, is not a war. When, for example, in Southern Italy, brigands form themselves into troops, regularly organized and officered, and give battle to the government soldiers, they do not, for that reason, constitute a belligerent party, but are, simply, bands of

malefactors. The distinction rests on the definition of war, which is a *political* struggle, engaged in for political ends. Brigands aspire neither to defend an existing political system nor to create a new one; they obey but the guilty desire of obtaining by violence control of the persons and possessions of their neighbors. They fall, therefore, within the jurisdiction of criminal tribunals. The law of nations is not concerned with them.

It is a very different matter, when in a State a large fraction of the citizens or subjects, convinced of the justice of their claims or of the necessity of a revolution, take up arms, organize themselves in a military manner, and oppose regular troops to the soldiers of the government. The latter, it is true, will even then seek, as long as possible, to suppress the uprising by the application of its penal laws; it will try to brand the insurgents as "rebels" or as "guilty of high treason," and to have them punished by its criminal tribunals, or by martial law. It is, however, one of the great advances of civilization in these latter days, that in such cases the rigorous application of penal laws has been made to recede, more and more, before the more humane regulations of the law of nations. The result has been that civil wars, formerly so replete with horrors, have been materially softened. As long as the officers and soldiers of a rebel army have cause to fear that, if captured, they will be imprisoned as State criminals, or punished by death, they will infallibly be led to avenge themselves by way of reprisals upon the prisoners, which they in turn make from among the troops of the government. If, on the contrary, insurgents are assured that the enemies, against whom they carry on a regular warfare, will not pursue or punish them as malefactors, but will treat them as enemies according to the rules of international law adopted by civilized nations, then they, too, when victorious, will conform to the law of nations, and will abstain from barbarity. It is chiefly for these practical reasons that the conception of belligerency, and, consequently, the application of international law in contradistinction to penal law, instead of being limited to two foreign States at war with one another, has been extended to an integral part of the population of a State, which is, in fact, organized as a military force, which observes the laws of war in the conduct of hostilities, and which, in good faith, believes that it is struggling in lieu and stead of a State for the defense of its public rights.

No candid observer of the events which have followed one another in Cuba, during the last two years and a half, will deny that the conditions prescribed by the authorities for the recognition of belligerency are satisfied by the Cuban revolutionists. We, consequently, have no doubt that President McKinley, now that the friendly inquiry addressed to Spain has been met with evasion or by silence, will, at no distant day, recognize the Cuban insurgents as belligerents.

THE BEARING OF THE NEW YORK MAYORALTY CONTEST ON AMERICAN POLITICS.

ALTHOUGH at the hour when we write it is still uncertain who will be the first Mayor of Greater New York, there is one circumstance which may seem suggestive to those familiar with classical precedents. Of the three anti-Tammany candidates, namely, Messrs. Tracy, Low, and George, it will be noticed that, while each claims the victory for himself, each expresses the opinion that Judge Van Wyck will be second in the race. This curious state of things recalls what took place after the battle of Salamis, when a crown was to be conferred upon that Greek naval commander who had best acquitted himself in the fight. It was arranged that the head of each naval contingent should designate on his ballot not only the man most worthy, in his opinion, of the crown, but also the man next in order of merit. When the ballots were inspected, it turned out that every naval commander had voted first for himself, but had placed Themistocles second; the crown accordingly was awarded to Themistocles. History, however, does not always repeat itself, and it may be that Judge Van Wyck will not be as lucky as Themistocles, although to him, also, the second place is assigned by all of his competitors.

There are certain things that may be said

with regard to this mayoralty election, even while the outcome of it is unknown. Should Gen. Tracy be chosen mayor, the cause of sound money and of Republicanism would be signally promoted, not only in the new imperial city, but also in the Empire Commonwealth, and throughout a large part of the Union. The success of Gen. Tracy would probably assure the success of most of the Republican candidates for seats in the State Assembly from the metropolis, thereby riveting the Republican control of the Legislature for at least a twelvemonth to come. Before the next election day comes round, the tremendous weight of the augmented city will have had time to make itself felt in State affairs. What that weight means will be appreciated when we bear in mind that the new municipality will disburse annually upward of \$75,000,000, a sum greater than was ever expended in one year by our Federal government before the war of the rebellion, and a sum greater than is now procurable by many a European kingdom. It should be remembered that Philadelphia was once reputed an impregnable stronghold of the Pennsylvania Democracy, yet after the outbreak of the civil war, when the supporters of Lincoln gained and held control of it for several years, it was gradually transformed into a Republican fortress. If the Republicans of this State drove by whip and spur through the Legislature at Albany the charter of the new municipality, it was undoubtedly from a conviction that they could accomplish here what had been accomplished in Philadelphia. If Gen. Tracy should be victorious, the Republican organization would apply all its energies to this end, and, as it would be absolute master of the city's vast resources for four years, it would probably attain its object. Could the City of New York be made normally Republican, it is unlikely that the State would figure in the Democratic column for a generation to come. It is easy to foresee the consequences of Gen. Tracy's triumph at the ballot-box, and equally unmistakable would be the outcome of Mr. Henry George's election, were such a thing conceivable. Mr. George's friends are the only citizens who have openly and defiantly indorsed the Chicago platform. Should he win, therefore, the event would be construed throughout the Union not only as a defeat of Republicanism, but as a repudiation of sound money in the house of its pretended friends. It is impossible to overestimate the extent to which Mr. George's victory would weaken the advocates of a gold standard in the powerful States of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois, each of which is a political planet, controlling many a revolving satellite. Not only the silver plank, but every other plank of the Chicago platform, would then have an excellent chance of being enacted into law. Nor is this all. The Chicago platform by no means satisfied Gov. Altgeld, and it fell far short of meeting the wishes of Mr. George. It was not radical enough for them. Should they ever be able to dictate the utterance of a Democratic National Convention we shall see a performance by the side of which the Chicago platform will wear an ultra-conservative aspect.

It is more difficult to prognosticate the result of success in the case of either of the other principal candidates. Should Mr. Low be chosen mayor, we should see what we saw in Brooklyn when he was chief magistrate of that town; namely, the effacement of party government, and the substitution of an administration directed to the sole end of advancing the political prospects of an individual. We should witness in the city and the State the construction of a new machine, the dynamic elements of which would be drawn from both of the old parties, and the single aim of which would be the elevation of Mr. Low, through the governorship of New York to the Presidency of the United States. He would hold the balance of power in the Empire Commonwealth, as De Witt Clinton held it in the first quarter of the century; he would have by means of his personal machine affiliations with both of the old parties; and he would undoubtedly accept a nomination from either which should deem it expedient to avail itself of his support.

Most difficult of all is it to determine the effect upon national politics of the triumph of Tammany Hall. That organization has forborne to indorse the Chicago platform, and has insisted that the mayoralty contest ought to turn upon local issues. It is undoubtedly backed by a

large fraction of the gold Democrats, who were opposed to it last year. Should the ticket headed by Judge Van Wyck prove victorious, it is almost certain that the gold Democrats will recover a large part of the ascendancy which they formerly exercised over the New York Democracy, and that the delegation from this State to the next Democratic National Convention will oppose the candidacy of Mr. Bryan and the reassertion of the Chicago platform. This is not absolutely certain, however. Much depends upon the volume of the vote cast for Mr. George. The demonstration made by his followers may, though unsuccessful, be yet so formidable that it will be deemed the part of prudence for Tammany Hall hereafter to make considerable concessions to their views.

IS INTERNATIONAL BIMETALLISM DEFUNCT?

THE British government's refusal to open the India Mints to the free coinage of silver cannot fail to have a trenchant effect upon American politics. This will be evident when we recall the issue upon which the last contest for the Presidency turned. It was not a battle of the standards. It was not a question whether we should have gold monometallism or silver monometallism in this country. The question, as defined by the St. Louis and Chicago platforms, and as expounded by Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan, was whether we should seek to bring about bimetalism by international agreement or by the independent, single-handed action of the United States. Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan concurred in describing bimetalism as a desirable thing; they differed only as to the method of attaining it. Mr. Bryan asserted that the right method was for the United States to lead the way by opening its own mints to the free coinage of silver, and by undertaking to establish within their own borders a stable rate of exchange between the two precious metals. Were this done here, he predicted that other countries would follow suit. Mr. McKinley, on the other hand, insisted that the United States could only hope to establish a definite relation between gold and silver through the co-operation of other commercial nations. In the meantime, it was the part of prudence, he said, to adhere to the gold standard, but he pledged himself to make a strenuous effort to secure the needful co-operation.

There is no doubt that the President has kept his word. Scarcely was he seated in the White House than he appointed a commission, each of the members of which is a convinced and conspicuous bimetalist, for the purpose of sounding European governments touching the practicability of an international agreement. Naturally, Mr. Wolcott and his colleagues addressed themselves first to France, which, as the principal member of the suspended Latin Union, is traditionally favorable to the double standard. The present Prime Minister, too, M. Meline, is an avowed bimetalist, and a majority of the Chamber of Deputies are known to share his predilections. The commission, therefore, had no great difficulty in securing the assent of the French government to a movement for the rehabilitation of silver. The assent, however, was conditioned upon the reception of partial assistance from Great Britain. It was well understood that the United Kingdom would never consent to open its own mints to the free coinage of silver, but France would have been satisfied if the mints of India, which country is the largest consumer of silver in the world, had been reopened. There was some ground for believing that this concession would be made. In 1886, and again in 1892, the Calcutta authorities had pointed out to the home government the serious derangement of the Indian finances caused by the remarkable fall in the price of silver, and had urged that measures should be taken to rehabilitate the white metal. Not long after the date last named, a resolution was offered in the House of Commons that the India Mints ought to be reopened to the coinage of silver whenever the Calcutta government should express a wish to that effect. In the course of the ensuing debate, the representatives of the Conservative party expressed entire acquiescence in the proposal, and the resolution was adopted with almost complete unanimity. This incident has since been interpreted by English bimetalists as a proof that the Salisbury Cabinet would, at once, order the reopening of the India Mints, whenever such a con-

tribution to the cause of bimetalism should be requested by the United States and France. When, however, the request was made, the other day, by the Wolcott Commission, acting conjointly with spokesmen of the French Ministry, Lord Salisbury replied that it would be necessary to refer the matter to the Calcutta authorities. In view of what had happened in 1886 and 1892, such a reference was supposed by the bimetalists to be perfunctory and almost superfluous. It turned out, however, that Indian financiers had undergone almost a complete change of opinion during the last five years, and the governor-general and his council reported with absolute unanimity against the reopening of the India Mints. After much trouble and loss, they said, the industrial and financial conditions of India had been adjusted to a gold standard, and they were disposed to adhere to it. A variety of reasons were set forth for the conclusion, into which we need not enter here. They all culminated in the declaration that the Calcutta authorities had been converted to the gold standard, and were earnestly opposed to the opening of the India Mints to the coinage of silver. Under the circumstances, the home government could do nothing else but return a distinct, though courteous, negative to the request put forward by France and the United States. With the refusal of Great Britain to render the desired assistance, the negotiations with France fell through, and there is nothing left for the Wolcott Commission to do but acknowledge their total defeat and promptly return to Washington.

The new attitude of the Calcutta government, and the consequent collapse of the Wolcott negotiations, will render it impossible for the Republican party to profess devotion to international bimetalism at the next general election. It will have to plant itself squarely on the platform of gold monometallism, and its leaders may congratulate themselves that they have nearly three years before them in which to carry on an earnest campaign of education in the States of the central and further West.

THROUGHOUT THE LAND

BY JOHN HABBERTON,
Author of "Helen's Babies," etc., etc.

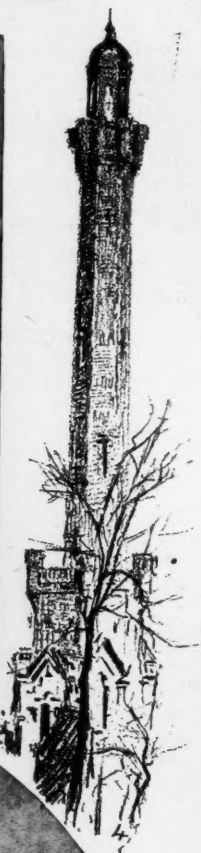
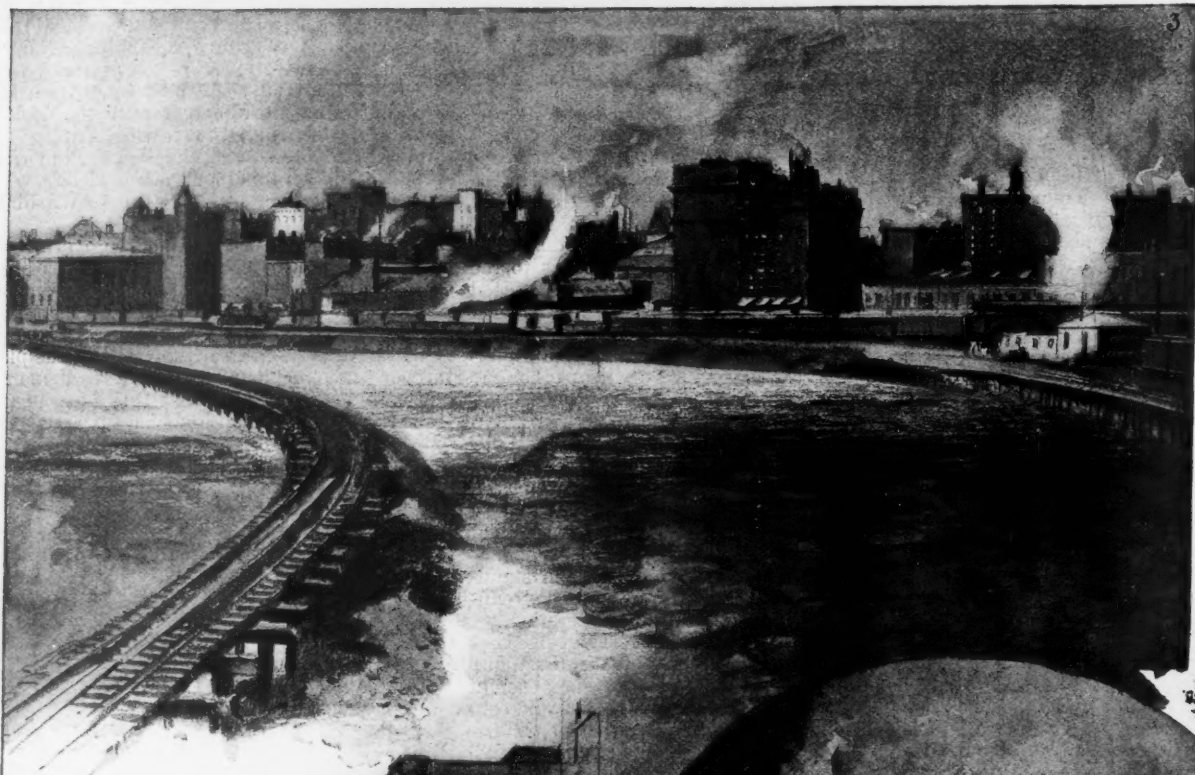
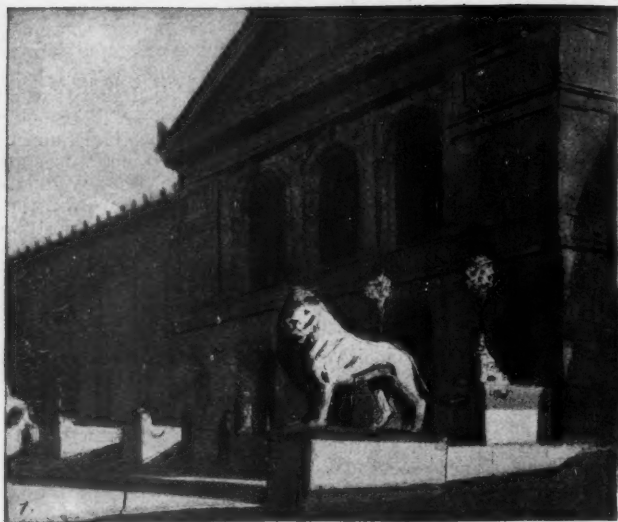
BRAIN AND BRAIN.

PRINCE KRAPOTKINE, the Russian Anarchist of whom much was expected by the foreign-born Americans who long to exchange liberty for license, proves to be merely a Socialist of a mild type. His first speech in New York contained nothing worse than has been said by some preachers and politicians, and some of his hearers should have found a practical hint in his assertion that we do not want a division between brain-work and manual labor. Much of the misery for which the discontented are blaming capital, society and government is caused solely by the reluctance of men who work with their hands to do brain-work also. The man who in shop or field busies his brain as well as his hands with the work he has to do is the man who earns the respect and confidence of his fellowmen, and also earns a competence. He does not dumbly endure conditions that his own wits may improve, he does not start a strike at the wrong time, nor break the Tenth Commandment, nor take part in schemes for getting possession of his neighbors' goods without paying for them. Men of this kind come up and out of the ranks, as men who use their brains without abusing them always have done and always will do, no matter how small the apparent chances of bettering one's condition.

Portions of the Western States have been taking a practical lesson in silver as currency, and the results have been enraging as well as educational. Knowing that the honest farmer is frequently a very stupid person, some sharp traders went about purchasing horses and farm products that could be quickly moved; payments were made with Mexican dollars, which the purchasers truly said contained more silver than our own dollars. Besides, many farmers can remember the days when Mexican and Spanish silver dollars passed everywhere at par with our own, and many of said farmers have never asked or thought out the reason of the disappearance of the foreign coins from circulation. When they took their Mexican dollars last week to stores and banks, however, and were allowed only fifty cents for them, and were told that even fifty cents was more than they would bring in American money in Mexico itself, they were compelled to believe that something really had happened to silver.

Miss Frances Willard, whom millions of women regard as their leader in all reform movements, has said something that may alienate many of her followers. It is that "what women to-day most need is a better physique, and that means nutritious diet, simpler food, loose corsets, larger shoes, fresh

(Continued on page 6.)



VIEWS ABOUT CHICAGO.

1. Art Gallery.

2. Pullman Residence, Prairie Avenue.

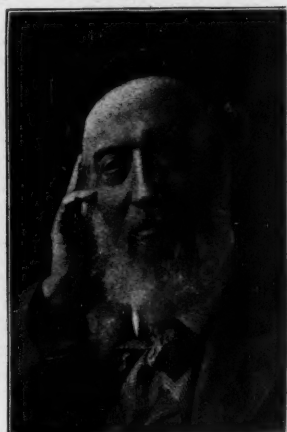
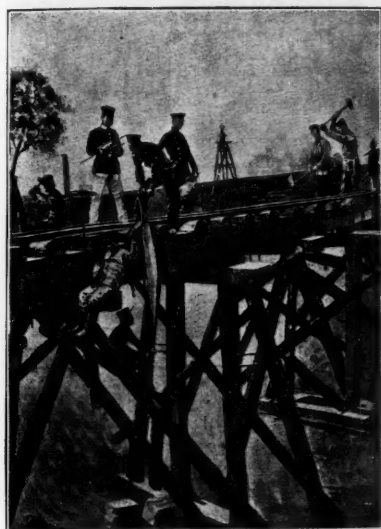
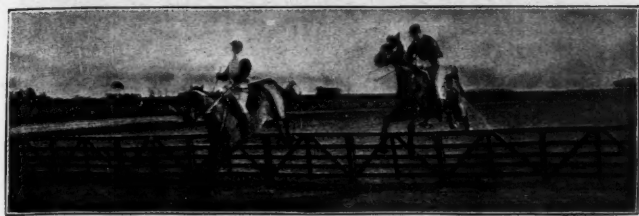
3. Lake Front.

4. Water Tower.

5. Looking up Dearborn Street.

6. Douglas Park.

(DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.)



SOME FOREIGN PICTURES.

1. Racing in New Zealand.

2. German Railroad Troops.

3. Sir John Gilbert.

4. Bicycle Polo.

5. Scene in a Paris Church.

air at night, and a good supply of red corpuscles." Woman suffrage, anti-liquor legislation, etc., that may in time be obtained by able talk and plenty of it, from workers, while the great majority simply hope and applaud, but better physique, which Miss Willard intimates is more needed than anything else, cannot be obtained except by the individual effort of any and every woman who desires it. Sentiment, organization, speeches and strings of resolutions, such as have carried many good (and bad) causes to victory, cannot provide a single extra mouthful of fresh air or proper food, or redder a single corpuscle of any woman's blood, or lessen woman's dread of "night air"; as to their loosening shoes and corsets—well, most women will see to it that they shan't. American women and their champion have reached "the parting of the ways."

FIGURES THAT LIE.

By calling attention to the spurious figures and statistics attributed to his Bureau, Labor Commissioner Wright indirectly charges the general public with disgraceful neglect of the genuine statistics within easy reach. The statement was widely circulated in print, about two years ago, and attributed to the Commissioner of Labor, that four million men in this country were out of employment; the story became none the less idiotic through the author's explanation that he refreshed his memory by consulting Mr. Debs, who said the Commissioner had made such a statement. But what sort of brain do the hearers of such tales have, that they never verify figures for themselves? The Labor Bureau was founded for the sole purpose of collecting and publishing facts, principally for the information of the laboring class, by request of which class the Bureau exists. Any one can get its figures by asking for them; he need not even pay return postage. Any public library—even a small one—may have the Commissioner's published reports by asking for them; yet so ignorant were the persons most concerned that none of them scotched the lie, and even the newspaper press was slow to do it. "None is so blind as the man who won't see."

THOSE LUXURIES.

Another public document, as easy of access as the Labor Commissioner's Report, and apparently as generally neglected, is "the Statistical Abstract," issued by the Treasury Department. Demagogues have long insisted that the tariff discriminates against the poorer classes, whereas duties imposed for any purpose but protection should be collected principally from luxuries. The silks and wines in which thousands of rich people (and hundreds of thousands who are not rich) delight are declared to be articles of large consumption from which the greater part of the tariff duties might be obtained. Far be it from me to imply in any way that any tariff law is as it should be, nevertheless the fact remains that silks and wines together do not amount to much more than one-tenth of our aggregate importations; it is also true that they are taxed to about one-half of their import value. The official figures may be seen by any one who is interested in them, and that such statistics are not studied by all men who profess to be interested in the welfare of the community is depressing and alarming; for professional liars can do anything with people who are so stupid and lazy as to believe everything they are told.

A REGIMENT LOST.

Not a week passes without the more credulous and impressionable of our people being told by demagogues or fools that all the land east of the Mississippi has been taken up, and that there is no elbow-room anywhere for the man who would carve a home for himself from the forest, as our ancestors used to do. How, I wonder, will these authorities explain the losing, last week, of an entire regiment of United States soldiers who were making a long practice march in Northern Georgia? The soldiers may have known where they were, but for at least a day the War Department's dispatches could not find them, nor could any railway or telegraph authorities learn anything of their whereabouts. Had such an occurrence been reported from one of the new States of the Rocky Mountains it would not have been thought wonderful; but the soldiers' line of march was several hundred miles to the eastward of the Mississippi, in States more than a hundred years old, and within a hundred miles of the capital of either of these States. There is no lack of unoccupied land in the older States, but there is an alarming surplus of lazy muscle.

REACHING BACKWARD.

Some Congressmen are preparing a new issue which may be depended upon to consume most of the time of the coming session and set the country by the ears. It is an effort to repeal the civil service law and provide members of Congress with offices with which to pay their political debts. Aside from veteran members who long for the good old times when a man could run his district with promises and threats, the present Congress contains almost a hundred and fifty new men whose constituents are driving them nearly crazy by demands for "good things" such as earlier members have given away. Of course, too, the new members made some promises, for nothing is safer than the promising of something that cannot be called for until after the candidate himself has been voted into office. The Journal Clerk of the House of Representatives, who has been canvassing the members, reports that the repeal bill will get nineteen votes from the Illinois delegation, which has but twenty-two members in the House; at this rate the bill will go through with a rush, and the President's second year will be more miserable than his first, and Washington's hotel business will boom, and there will be pretenses for a new Guiteau incident.

THE POLICY- HOLDERS' AFFAIR.

There seems to be something peculiar in the trouble that Kansas is having with "foreign" life insurance companies; that is, companies whose home offices are in other States, and principally in New York. Elsewhere throughout the Union there is a longing for branch offices of the great companies that do the most and cheapest money-lending on real estate and that issue policies which are really paid in full on proof of death; for experience all over the

land with small local insurance companies or associations—even those of honest intention—has been about as depressing as investments at mock-auctions. In Kansas, however, a combination of stupid laws and stupid officials seems bent upon depriving the people of the highest quality of insurance. Very few other States have been guilty of a similar blunder, for their people have had sufficient sense to rise in self-defense. Probably the people of Kansas will become equal to the present emergency and warn their blundering legislators and officials against meddling with business affairs of which they are lamentably ignorant.

WHY NOT A RESERVATION?

Captain Ray, the army officer who was sent to the Yukon River to select a site for a military post, has suggested that the northern portion of Alaska be placed under semi-military rule. The government might do still better by setting apart the entire gold region of the Territory as a military reservation. As concessions to mine, trade, manufacture or to conduct any other business on a military reservation may be revoked at an instant's notice, all holders of concessions are compelled to be on their good behavior. Life and property of civilians are safer on the reservations than under the average Territorial governments, there is no temptation, because no opportunity, to go into politics, and the only courts that have jurisdiction are above suspicion. All miners who do not incline to theft and murder like the strongest and most stable government obtainable; so military rule, accompanied by United States courts and commissioners, would entirely suit them. A new Territory devoid of disorders and scandals would afford a refreshing change from the history of most Territorial beginnings during the last half-century.

HOPE FOR CONSUMP- TIVES.

A new consumption cure is announced from California and millions of people will hope that it will prove effective, for the various maladies which physicians group under the general title "consumption" cause about one-seventh of all deaths in the United States. It ought to be widely proclaimed, however, that the majority of people supposed to be consumptive are suffering only from weakness of the respiratory organs—weakness induced and continued by personal carelessness that compelled the lungs to do double duty. Thirty-five years ago thousands of men who supposed themselves consumptive were surprised to find themselves "passing" army surgeons at recruiting stations; it is safe to say that during the present year—or any year—thousands of men believing themselves consumptive are accepted as good risks by the examiners of life insurance companies, and could the said companies compel people to bathe daily, have fresh air in their sleeping-rooms and avoid bad articles of food they could afford to make a profitable specialty of alleged consumptives. 'Tis a pity, but 'tis true, that the human being is the most unclean and most self-destructive member of the animal kingdom.

RUM AND MINISTERS.

A high authority on preaching was once asked what was the greatest lack of the clergy, of all denominations; he promptly replied "Sense of humor." He afterward explained that what he meant was sense of the ridiculous. The lack of the desired quality has been peculiarly manifested recently by a number of ministers regarding the liquor license granted the "Inn," at Princeton, N. J., in compliance with a petition on which appeared the names of some "grave and reverend seigniors" of Princeton College's own faculty. About this time, as the old-fashioned almanacs have it, it is proper to admit that any man of modern times should be able to live without alcoholic stimulants; as to that, were it not for my esteemed collaborators, literary and artistic, and for the advertisers, I could fill this entire sheet with arguments, supported by bristling arrays of facts, proving conclusively that no man must of necessity drink anything stronger than water. Nevertheless, the truth is that some presidents of Princeton—all men of high character and great influence—have consumed quite a lot of liquor, and that President McCosh, who reconstructed the college, was the most earnest complainant against the quality of the whisky he once ordered in the town.

INCREASE THE ARTILLERY.

The general-in-chief of our little army has renewed the oft-made suggestion that two additional regiments of artillery should be formed, so that our coast defenses may be properly manned. The necessity for this additional force was foreseen years ago by every one—Congressmen excepted—who knew that our new forts and guns, not being automatic, would require men to care for them. Every one knows, also, that ordnance a hundred times as costly as that which once was good enough for coast defenses cannot be entrusted to raw recruits in time of action, but should be handled by men who have been specially trained for the duty. Artillerists can't be ordered, at short notice, from any padrone or other labor agency. The necessary regiments should have been raised at least two years ago and been under drill ever since; an able artillerist is as hard to make as an able Congressman. Had a similar number of men been needed for any other purpose Congress would have provided them, but for some mysterious reason that is in no sense patriotic it is easier every year to add millions to a public buildings bill, a river and harbor bill, or any other swindle, than to provide for additional men for national defense.

THEY STILL DOUBT US.

As foreign distrust of American securities is said by the advocates of free silver coinage, wild-cat banking and fiat money to be a mere dream of hide-bound theorists and newspaper editors, it is worthy of remark that Marshall Field, a hard-headed business man who is also the leading merchant of Chicago, said a few days ago to an interviewer in London that in Europe he had found an utter lack of confidence in American securities. The reason was the recent monkeying with silver by the bimetallic commission sent abroad by an administration that was put in power with the understanding that it would keep our currency on a stable basis. The wonder is that any

American securities which do not specify that their principal and interest are payable in gold are held by foreign investors. There are men sufficiently large of mind to believe that we Americans will usually become equal to any situation in which we find ourselves, but largeness of mind is not peculiar to men who think principally of their spare cash and how to invest it most profitably. Besides, of all the great civilized countries of the world, ours is the only one that allows the stability of its currency to be suspected; we would think this strange, could we see ourselves as others see us.

WHY WE NEED FOREIGN LOANS.

The majority of our people can do better with their money than invest it in stocks and bonds, corporate or national, so the general reply to foreign criticism of our financial peculiarities is that if Europeans don't like our securities they can let them alone. This reply may be entirely natural, patriotic and proud, but it is also idiotic. Our nation, despite its hundred or more years of existence and its seventy million people, has still more natural possibilities than all Europe, so it needs an enormous quantity of money for purposes of development. What man is there among us who does not know of a "sure thing"—something with millions in it, if only the money could be obtained to develop it? In older countries such enterprises can find the necessary money, for chances of investment in anything assuring the return of more than three per cent per year are scarce over there. Occasionally we persuade the foreigners to send some of their money here, but no sooner does the inflow become large than some rogue or fool starts a financial heresy which other rogues or fools are quick to applaud, the world quickly hears of it, the investors want their money back, they get it, and in so doing they cripple or ruin a lot of American enterprises. The panic of '93 and the subsequent years of depression began by the unloading upon the home market, because of the silver scare, of hundreds of millions of American securities from abroad, all of which were sold for what they would bring and all had to be paid for in American gold or American goods.

GIVE THE INDIANS A STATE.

As the larger tribes, or nations, in the Indian Territory have rejected the plan of change provided by the Dawes bill and are themselves arranging for a convention to formulate a new plan to be submitted at Washington, Congress might take the bull by the horns by admitting the Territory to Statehood. A concession so radical would put an end to Indian suspicion of the general government and impel the natives to qualify as citizens by allotting their lands in severalty. Such a plan might result in the sending of one unfit man to the House of Representatives and two to the Senate, but this would not be worse than what we have had to endure from other new States; on the other hand, some Indians are far wiser and more honest than certain Congressmen, and selection of the best men for leadership is more general among Indians than it seems to be among Caucasians. A single level-headed Indian in either House of Congress would become the champion of his entire race and prevent many troubles such as have disgraced the past relations of the two races. Great Britain, despite her many crimes against subject races, has the courage to admit East Indians to her national Parliament, and other native races to her colonial Parliaments. Haven't we as much "sand" as the old country?

THE JOBBER'S OBJECTIONS.

Probably the admission of the Indian Territory as a State would be fiercely opposed by every business corporation that is really an Indian ring and owns a Congressman or Senator, but this in itself should prompt the honest members of both Houses to give the Indians a chance. There is now under way a determined effort to replace such army officers as are Indian agents, the reason being that these agents are honest as well as competent. So long as a tribe is kept peaceable there is no legal excuse for stealing its land, pasturage, mineral deposits or timber; but the disorders that come through incompetent or dishonest agents offer opportunities for many profitable jobs. There is so strong a race feeling in all the tribes, however much they may quarrel with one another, that any competent Indian in Congress would become the representative of all the tribes as well as of the five tribes in the Territory, and the mass of the honest people in the Union would learn the truth about all attempted steals, which is exactly what the many Indian rings, small and large, most dread.

UNDER WHICH FLAG?

A committee of the Confederate Veterans of Virginia is considering a resolution, offered by a distinguished veteran, that the flag of Virginia shall be hoisted on every school building in the State. It would seem that the maker of the resolution has mistaken the purpose of displaying the national flag on public buildings, which is to remind pupils of the existence of the nation—a geographical and political organization of which children do not hear and know as much as they should. Of their respective States they hear so incessantly that any other States seem insignificant by comparison. The purpose of displaying the Stars and Stripes is not to pit the nation against the State and alienate love from the latter, but to stimulate affection and respect for the representative of all the States. It is no compliment to a State that any of its citizens should be so small of heart that he cannot at one and the same time love the State and the nation. A man does not ask which he should love—father, mother, wife or child—he loves all; but he likes and needs frequent reminders of whichever one is furthest from his sight and hearing.

LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO,

One of the beauty spots of Chicago, is described in a most beautiful fully illustrated book, of 96 pages, now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company. It is full of the finest half-tone pictures of one of Creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Great Republic. Every one who has ever visited the park will appreciate the souvenir, and for those who have not it will be a revelation of what is to be seen in Chicago. It can only be procured by enclosing twenty-five (25) cents in coin or postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

OUR NOTE BOOK

BY EDGAR SALTUS.

THE SIMPLICITY OF MR. CROKER.

MR. CROKER says that he went to England for his health. Had Mr. Low made such a statement no one would have believed him. But Mr. Croker is as incapable of telling a lie as he is of leading a cotillon. He is a plain, self-respecting, God-fearing man. The climate here did not happen to agree with him, and he went abroad. What could be more natural? Mr. Croker is not, like Mr. Low, a Columbia graduate; his youth was not passed in luxury, but in toil; he lacked the leisure to acquire that fund of information which a college course provides. This is not in any way to his discredit. We can't all be dons and fellows and regents. The prosperity of any given community demands not brains alone but brawn and sinew, too. The latter qualities Mr. Croker possesses, or, rather, possessed. One day they went back on him. The ability which he then displayed in taking ship was simply acrobatic. He flung himself into the pursuit of health with all his might and main. It was splendid to see him careering around with a squad of reporters at his heels. He chased it here, stalked it there, and finally quarried it at Wantage. It was a very conscientious and straightforward proceeding. A man of learning such as Mr. Low would have gone to California or to Florida or to the Riviera, to some one of the many places in which geography would have taught him that health resorts abound. Mr. Croker, in his untutored earnestness, relied not on geography but on Providence, and succeeded in his quest. This is eminently satisfactory and a cause for general thanksgiving. At the same time I should not recommend any one to follow suit. England is a delightful country. It enjoys every imaginable variety of climate except a decent one. That sick and simple Mr. Croker should have gone there is one thing, but that he should return with health restored constitutes a more beautiful and uplifting example of what faith and piety can do than any I have ever beheld.

VIVA VERDI.

Verdi, Italy's Grand Old Man, completed, a fortnight ago, his eighty-fourth year. To the great, immortality comes with death, to him it has come in his lifetime. He deserves it. Of all men now in existence it is he who has afforded the greatest pleasure to the greatest number. Claptrap beside Wagner, tawdry beside Rossini, his mission was to please and his mission was successful. We can't all be critics. The majority of us like to enjoy what there is to be enjoyed without bothering over defects and omissions. And to the majority not alone of this generation but of the last, and presumably of the next, Verdi has appealed, and will appeal, as no one else. There is but one adjective for his work—*musicabellissimo*. In them he is the real sorcerer, the enchanter of hearts, who stirs as no poet can. For it will happen that the poet must be translated. Music translates itself. It is the vapor of art. It tells what no language can. You interpret it yourself, according to your nature, according to your needs. In the soul there are depths that are silent. To that silence it speaks. It first whispers, then awakes. And no wonder. It is your own story that it is telling. Where is the girl who ever listened to *Parigi, mio caro* unmoved. Where is the lover who, after hearing the *Ernani involame*, did not love his love the better. The violins execute an aria that seems to mount to the high blue sky and float in space. It tells of ineffable delights. Suddenly the alto sighs, the 'cello shudders. The high blue sky is covered. There is a storm coming. It bursts. But the sun reappears, for a moment only, yet during it the aria mounts like a bird. The tempest increasing, takes it and flings it, breathless, to earth. It is clear to you that the festivals of the heart last but a day, that behind you is a constant denial, that everything must end in the victory of that implacable something which we call fate when we don't call it duty. And then at once, when all seems lost, the divine harmony ascends anew, purer, sweeter even than before, mingling certainty in its suavity, disarming fate, reconquering the high blue sky, telling again of ineffable delights—in short, making life the brighter and hope secure. If one song of Verdi's can do that, is it any wonder that his operas are loved, is it any wonder that he is, is it any wonder either that at Busseto, where he lives, the peasants in the meadows chant as he passes songs from his scores?

ZOLA'S LATEST.

Zola speaks very highly of his new work. "It is," he says, "a novel in the fullest acceptance of the term. It is not a guide-book, it is not history, it is a panorama. All the nerve centers of Paris, the financial, political, artistic, literary, social and demi-mondaine aspects will be represented. I have," he adds, "been even severe. I have given full prominence to numerous vices. It is highly dramatic. It is a book women may read." Etc., etc. All this in the "Figaro," and more besides. I wish it success. "Lourdes" and "Rome," of which this book, that is at once a novel and a panorama, will complete the trilogy, were not guide-books or histories either, but in dullness they could have competed with Baedeker. If Zola ever wrote anything more tiresome than the first, it was the second. But then as an artist he is very unequal. In spite of work which is absolutely amateur, in spite, too, of enormities of which a ragpicker would not be guilty, he is a splendid stage manager. In the mere massing of effects he is unequalled. There is no one in literature to-day whose pictures equal his, and there is no one, to my knowledge, who has displayed an ability superior to him in grouping. He is not only a stage manager, he is scene-shifter and impresario in one. Some of his works are operas in prose. But the plots are bald and the dialogue is trivial. Breath, movement, color, action—all are there; and yet life is absent. You may admire or you may yawn, but you know it is not

real. You know that he knows it, too. There is no illusion, no escape, no beyond. You are in the hands of a purveyor who, in exchange for your three francs seventy-five centimes, serves you a dinner, wine and coffee included, with an orchestra at the end of the room. The roast may be good and the claret sound, but the napery is peccable and the music jars. In this new work we may get something else. Paris treated by a Parisian ought to be interesting. The question which arises, is Zola a Parisian? No man can depict a society unless he views it from the top. With the world and even the half-world of art, letters, finance and the stage Zola has already shown himself entirely familiar. Any *rasta* could do the same. For that matter many a bouncer has. But that section is no more Paris than the Tenderloin is New York. It is an artery, not the heart. The Observatory is in the Faubourg. From there you may see, and, given the ability, you may judge, the *Ville Lumière* in her effulgence and in her entirety. But from nowhere else. If Zola has done his copy in that tower it will be interesting in the extreme. Otherwise it will be but another of his masterpieces, a continuation of previous *table d'hôtes*.

UNDER WHICH KING.

At Rome a fortnight ago the Appellate Court decreed that there should be offered at public auction for the payment of debt the castle and lake of Nemi, both of which since medieval days have been the property of the Princes of Orsini. Here is a chance for one, and even for two, of our millionaires on condition, however, that they happen to be antiquarians also. At the bottom of that lake lies a trireme, one of those splendid vessels in which the young emperors of old Rome sailed about. But to which emperor did this particular ship belong? From the workmanship on articles recovered from it there are archaeologists who maintain that it belonged to Tiberius, there are others who insist that it was Trajan's. What matter, after all, whose it was? It floated when the world was younger, in an epoch when potentates had more of an opportunity to enjoy themselves than now. If, however, at this distance a surmise is worth anything, it is safer to attribute it to Tiberius than to Trajan. The latter was a white-haired disciplinarian. To the world of Caesar he added that of Alexander. He was not only a disciplinarian, he was a conqueror, one of the foremost of antiquity. He had no time for pleasure boats. Tiberius had. But when he found it he was at Capri. Nemi is rather far from there. From the day in which he established himself in his villas by the sea he barely left them till death came. Personally, if I venture to enter an opinion, I think that trireme did not belong to him. When it is raised it will be shown, I think, to have been built for Caligula, his nephew; if not, then for Hadrian, who was Trajan's successor. There were viveurs who knew how to live, the others knew merely how to rule. For it is a mistake to suppose that Tiberius was a sceptered sensualist. There are men who come down through history swathed in lies, and he is one of them. During the years that he reigned in Rome his goodness and wisdom were recognized and attested. When he went to Capri there were no reporters about. His sins are legends. But as this trireme is a fact, in the auction of that lake there is a chance to get at the bottom of it; at the bottom, for that matter, of both.

THE AVERNAN SLOPE.

Give me Hogarth's pencil, give me Hugo's pen, and with them I might know how to tell of Betty Ordway. There is a young person who would have delighted Greuze, and who has descended into newspaper cuts—from homage to a hospital. As a girl she radiated beauty. She looked as Psyche must have looked before she lost her god, only much better dressed. She was fascination and fashion made woman. Presently into the precincts of her court there appeared the prince. He, too, might have stepped from legend. He was young, rich, handsome and debonaire. In no time he converted the divinity into Mrs. Arthur Padelford. Then the dance began, the *ronde infernale*, which the press of the country has pictured. He obtained a divorce, or rather, in his chivalry, he permitted her to obtain one from him. Presto, the princess changed her title. From a divinity she convoluted into a star. If the process seems mythological, it is entirely up to date. Given beauty, divorce, social prominence, and what does the average theater-goer expect? What, indeed, except talent. But, though everything else had been put in her cradle, that gift had been omitted. She could smile, and she could charm, and she could radiate beauty, but she could not detain an audience. She could not even detain a husband. Of the latter there was a procession, heightened and variegated by flights into those regions which Baudelaire catalogued as Artificial Paradises. But in the flights there were falls. In the falls there were bruises. In the bruises charm vanished, the radiance of beauty too. Precisely as a divinity had convoluted into a star, a flower was changed into a freak. Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, told of nothing more surprising. It is true the world went slower then. There should be a moral to this tale, and there is, it is that.

THE JOG TROT TO BLOOMINGDALE.

Mr. Salmon's career, if different, is not altogether diverse. As a lad he was distinctly religious. As a young man he mingled in meetings and led in prayer. The death of a relative made him rich. From the sedateness of a home he moved into the riot of a hotel—from Harlem to the Tenderloin. Why? Why indeed? For contrast perhaps. Because of that desire for change which in certain natures becomes a physical necessity. Because there are men, as there are women, in whose undisciplined natures there will arise propensities which they cannot control. Because from the depths of their being there will issue an obsession vague and obscure, something opaque and formless, which gradually takes shape and changes successively from an impossibility into an hallucination, from a temptation into a need. They disavow it, disown it, will have none of it. But there it is. Presently the disavowals cease. In certain conditions we get used to monsters. The soul makes itself at home with what it must. An influence of that variety must have been at work in this young man. From a revivalist he be-

came a reprobate. Night after night he lolled in a Broadway saloon, hiccupping over his cups, treating whoever would share them, prodigal with small bills, feebly emulous of the late Mr. Law, spending his money on thugs and riff-raff, spending it just for the sake of seeing it spin, enjoying life, as he called it—poor life in which such enjoyments there can be. In a few years his inheritance evaporated. With it his reason. Instead of loling in saloons, he gibbered in the streets. Last week he was arrested. His was not the pace that kills by any means. It was a dull jog-trot to the aisles of the insane. And it is that which fills them—the monsters that issue from the cellars of the brain.

SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

Miss Annie Berliner is a young woman who has stepped straight out of romance into court. Blue-eyed, fluffy-haired, and generally fair to see, she was wooed and she was won by Mr. Jacob Scharlin, who, as the complaint alleges, turned out to be but a gay deceiver. Gentlemen of that variety are common enough, but Mr. Scharlin is unique. It was Wilkie Collins who introduced the first fat villain into fiction. It was reserved to Miss Berliner to introduce the first dumb one into court. Mr. Scharlin is a deaf mute. What his false tongue could not say his falser fingers could. On the end of them was every kind of enticing gesture. In the palm of his hands there were arguments to which maids cannot listen and resist. Annie did not try. In the modulations and inflections of his digits a bird in her heart burst into song. On her own blushing fingers he read the avowals of her love. Thereat he took her to one of the sweet silent balls of the dumb, turned on his heel and walked away. She had no words wherewith to reproach him, and, even otherwise, he had no ears to hear. But she signaled an attorney. He did the rest. The entire episode is pretty and pathetic. It is new too, and yet a sign of the times. In the villain's guise I am lost in admiration. As for the persecuted heroine, you may be sure that she will make her mark.

THE WRITING OF CHECKS.

The Earl of Harrington is a nobleman whom it would be pleasant to know better. The owner of an encumbered, unprofitable, entailed, and, as such, saleless estate, instead of coming heir-ess-hunting here or lending his name to stock-rigging in London, he has, in Trafalgar Square, opened a fruit shop. After all, why not? The sale of fruit is, as a calling, entirely genteel, it is even poetic. One of our smart young men preferred flowers and opened a shop which he called The Rosary. Lord Harrington calls his The Elvaston, a name taken from his estate in Derbyshire, and which, while it lacks inspiration, shows that he is at least not ashamed of the trade. It appears, however, that the costers were. They gathered about and kicked up such a rumpus that the police had to interfere. That was not nice of them. It was not logical, either. They have always been down on the upper classes, and the moment the upper classes come down to them there is a shindy. Which seems to prove, does it not, that there are people who would rather be aggrieved than placated? The point, however, is elsewhere. Until within comparatively recent years an Englishman with plenty of position and very little coin had a choice of three careers—the bar, the army, and the church. Trade was out of the question; so, too, was letters. The one was ignominious, the other an impossibility. For, however much of a peer you may be, though you climb to the woolsack, fight the Queen's enemies to the death, and even ascend to the dignity of the purple, it takes so many other qualities to be an author that in all of Burke there are but three—Byron, Bulwer and Bulwer's son. Bacon, Beaconsfield and Macaulay received peerages, they did not inherit them; and as for the Duke of Argyll and the Marquis of Lorne, if they fancy themselves men of letters that fancy, while it may make them feel good, is the sole evidence of their originality. In the circumstances Lord Harrington seems not only to have been well advised, but to have copied an excellent American custom. Precisely as no role is poor to a good actor, no honest trade should be ignominious to a gentleman, and though the writing of books is pleasant enough the writing of checks is better.

THE FUTURE METROPOLIS.

Chicago's delights are increasing. Recent accounts are simply spacious. But then Chicago is a spacious place. "What is there here which surprises you most?" a reporter asked on the occasion of my first visit there. "The fact that I am," I replied, and with entire candor too, for at the time I was a diligent reader of the "Sun," and the lampoons in that paper had not predisposed me in its favor. But in no time the prejudice vanished. In its place admiration came. New York seemed quite leisurely by comparison, a trifle meager also, rather effete as well. It seemed to me that I was in a newer civilization, one fresher and breezier, and perhaps more endurable. I remembered that all the great cities of the past were inland, and it occurred to me that this might be the city of the future, the great metropolis of which history, centuries hence, would tell. While under the influence of these impressions I was gratified with an application for my autograph and a sentiment. From the tip of my pen the sentiment jumped. "Chicago," I wrote, "is a city with two suburbs—New York and San Francisco." On the morrow it appeared in print. Presently it was honored with a comment. A St. Louis editor reproduced it with remarks to the effect that I fancied I was flattering Chicago; that I didn't know how; that the average Chicagoese would say, "New York and San Francisco indeed! What is the matter with London and Melbourne?" Nothing whatever, I reflected, and I reflected too that, had I thought of it, I might have put it in just that way. Perhaps the future will.

POACHED PEACHES.

A subscriber, whose digestion has been disturbed by a paragraph on Paris restaurants which recently appeared in this column, asks what has Voisin done to be omitted? Nothing at all. The paragraph, however, was a paragraph, merely that, and not a catalogue. All the same, I am indebted for the (Continued on page 18.)



THE RAILROAD DISASTER A
(DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SO



ASTER AT GARRISON'S, N. Y.

BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JR.)

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

(Continued from page 7.)

reminder. The mere mention of the shop is sufficient to make one's mouth champagne. There is the well of cookery pure and undefiled. I have eaten there a lobster entree à l'Américaine, which suggested nothing so much as poetry in a concrete and substantial form. In spite of the title, I never encountered even a pirated edition in this country—or in any other. Its circulation is confined to that particular spot. So, too, is a certain series of poached eggs. No one can imagine what a poached egg is until it has been eaten there. The process provides a new conception of art. It discloses possibilities hitherto undiscerned, and makes you feel that even a boiled potato might be transformed into an object of worship. In addition to poached eggs there are poached peaches. If the lobster suggests poetry this dish suggests song. As you absorb it you absorb too a strophe made of purple and perfume, a stanza seductive as an enchanted sea, one that in floods of harmony rolls into you wave after wave of kisses, flowers and stars. When it is done you are capable of anything—even a good deed. I am glad to have been reminded of Voisin's. There is a restaurant which really restores.

AN OLD NOVELTY.

"The Druggist," an English trade sheet, reports the discovery of what it calls a new anæsthetic, a substance which, even when diluted with air, is capable of exerting a wide influence, and which, increased in bombs, would anesthetize an army. "The Druggist" is very proud of this discovery, and, as a matter of fact, it might be highly serviceable to the Cubans. With knock-out bombs of this description they could literally put the Spaniards to sleep. Little ones devised for political and, particularly for after-dinner speakers, would have an immediate and comforting effect. But though the application is new, the discovery is not. The South American second-story thief has long been familiar with it. The substance of which it is formed is derived from a plant that grows in Hayti. Every botanist is acquainted with it. So, too, is Sarah Bernhardt. In that lady's last circuit one of the stands was Montevideo. After a gala performance there she went to bed. On the morrow she could not be aroused. Presently it was found that, though conscious, she was rigid. It was found, too, that she had been robbed. It was hours before she could sit up and take refreshment. She then related the advent of a man whom she saw but could not revile, against whose depredations she could utter no protest, a man who just came and smiled and stole and vanished, while she, influenced by some unknown power, was unable to move, unable to speak, unable to sound an alarm. It reads like a press agent's tale, and yet it isn't. As was explained to her, the visitor first blew a powder through the keyhole and then proceeded to business. That powder, much affectioned by Montevideoan cracksmen, is, I presume, the anæsthetic which "The Druggist" has found.

WANTED: A HISTORY.

Professor Dowden is not to be congratulated on the history of French Literature which he has just published. He has succeeded in compressing eight hundred years of incessant literary activity into four hundred pages, and, while you could not expect him to do more, it would have been pleasant had he done less, had he treated one period amply and cogently instead of sifting them all through a sieve. There are no faults in it that I have discovered, and there are no errors in it either; but if the absence of such things were to constitute excellence then would excellence consist in blanks. It so happens, however, that no excellent history of French Literature exists—at least in English. Saintsbury's sketch is wretched, Van Laun's is veal, the others are yet little better, at best but hand-books for journeyman tailors. This is regrettable. A good history would incite to a nearer and better acquaintance with a large body of works the beauty and perfection of which have been unapproached by those of any other nation. People who are fond of reading and who are unacquainted with French remind me of those who, though they like to dine, can yet content themselves with a sandwich. It is certainly very abstemious. There is, of course, the intervening effort to be considered. Said a schoolboy once, and with a wisdom beyond his years, if the Romans had had to learn their beastly language they would never have found time to conquer the world. But we are not all as occupied as they were, and, besides, French is anything but a beastly tongue. In the circumstances it is unfortunate that this work of Professor Dowden's, which, until it is replaced, will, presumably, be the standard guide-book, should be better adapted for unnerving possible prospectors than for urging them on.

AND WOMAN, TOO.

Quite as ridiculous as the fuss of the ministers over the license petition of the Princeton Inn was the attack made by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union upon Revivalist Moody for stopping at a hotel where liquor was sold, instead of at a temperance house in the same town. Men who are wise as well as good generally judge hotels by what is provided to eat, not by the drink, and temperance hotels have reputations so unenviable among travelers who want the best of food and plenty of it that were Mr. Moody to frequent them he would lose his grip upon many sinners who are worth saving. If the good women of the Temperance Union are going to draw the line at hotels that sell liquor, they ought, to be consistent, protest against any temperance farmer raising corn, for millions of bushels of corn are purchased by distillers' agents, to be made into whisky, and no farmer knows but part of this corn may be of his own growing. The temperance movement is so noble and necessary that it should be saved from such of its friends as are devoid of a sense of the ridiculous.

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MEN MANNERS AND MOODS

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

LXIV.

AMONG DRAMATISTS.

AND so Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is dissatisfied with the way in which Miss Julia Arthur and her company are rehearsing "A Lady of Quality" at Wallack's. If the play be as bad as the popular place, and also claimed for her literary one. If she deserves the latter, then Mrs. Ann S. Stephens deserves it, and by all means Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, who has thrice the real ability of Mrs. Burnett. However, this is beside the present point. Mrs. Burnett has resented not having been accorded the right of saying her say at rehearsal. No author ever is, and if she were a gentleman and not a lady I should request her to put that statement in her pipe and smoke it. The author of a play in course of rehearsal should always remember that he is either the manager of it or not. If not, his business unquestionably is to behave during rehearsals with as much reserve as he can improvise. In nine cases out of ten he cannot place his own play on the stage at all. Mr. Pinero can, because he is an old, tried actor. I doubt if Mr. Henry Arthur Jones can, however, and possibly of Mr. Sydney Grundy the same thing may be said. To conceive and write a play is one affair; practically to exploit it in rehearsal is quite another. The whole matter is usually like this: you write a book, but you are unable to bind and print it. The manager corresponds, in his capacity, to the binder and printer. Dramatic authors are forever getting into a temper because they feel their advice, during rehearsal, snubbed by the commanding power. Now and then it is snubbed, and somewhat blamably. But, as a rule, they could secure respectful treatment enough if they would only time their counsels in a judicious way. This they seldom do. Evidently Mrs. Burnett has not done it, and hence these tears. She may be enabled to console herself, however, by large box-office receipts. Her "Lady of Quality" was atrociously bad as a novel, and yet I am told that it may "take" with the people. Its theatrical version may win a like pecuniary result. It is not half so good a clap-net novel, however, as Mrs. Stephens's "Fashion and Famine," or Mrs. Holmes's "Tempest and Sunshine." Both, if I mistake not, were dramatized, and both failed on the stage, despite their huge "literary" sales.

THE CLOSING OF NEW YORK MUSIC HALLS.

"Over here" the New York effort to close music halls is looked upon, when regarded at all, with mild amusement. In monstrous towns attempts like these are pitifully ill-advised. Of course everybody knows just what will ultimately happen. Mayor Strong may persist in a foolish venture, but there is the vote of the people, which neither he nor a thousand crankish persons like him can ever tide and stem. "Olympia" and "Koster & Bial's" are refined places of amusement, which ladies and gentlemen frequent. They are not so attractive as the "Empire," the "Alhambra," the "Pavilion" or the "Oxford" here in London, but they are fair imitations of those genial haunts. Lady Henry Somerset, a temperance fanatic, tried to close one or two of the London music halls, and disastrously failed. She might just as well have tried to close the great green common of Hyde Park, where free discussion runs riot on Sundays, and where British subjects of her Majesty lounge and loll and snooze on the deep, rich grass for hours at a time. It looks very much, nowadays, as if New York would soon become the utterly helpless prey of politics. Either that will happen, or in a short time it will probably go back to the old riotous freedom of former Sundays. And why should it not? Ambitious men, struggling for power, all of them radically insincere, are nagging and tantalizing its citizens with but a single aim. The terrible lack of patriotism, of conscience, of personal compassion for the poor, grows yearly more apparent. Will this be a clever dodge to secure election? Will that be a cleverer one? How can we most safely land ourselves into one fat office or another? What is the surest and safest road into municipal distinction, what the safest and surest into legislative Albany control? So it goes on, and the enormous mass of citizens, mentally flung this way or that way by adroit sophists, bribed in certain poverty-stricken districts, bewildered in others more prosperous, find their right of franchise only a new fatigue added to that of their daily tasks. The people of New York are literally the shuttlecocks of political battledores. They all know it and realize it, and I suppose that this prophesied closing of the music halls, so feudally sanctioned by Mayor Strong, will but add a new pang to their weariness. It is truly marvelous what they bear. Stress of toil, no doubt, and the passionate American greed for money-getting are the real secrets of their extraordinary patience. Some day, beyond doubt, they will organize in a mighty body, and show that between being bullied and being governed stretches a prodigious gulf.

INSULTING MR. INGERSOLL.

But if Mayor Strong doesn't like the thoroughly civilized and agreeable metropolitan system of music halls, that is no reason why he should approve the continued insult of a New York resident. This he has lately done in permitting a certain Mrs. Gilbert and a young woman whom she calls her "aid," to stand in the streets carrying a cross labeled with the words "A Death-Blow to the Doctrines of Robert G. Ingersoll." Here the Mayor is distinctly

seen in an attitude of indulgence toward personal slander and abuse. Mrs. Gilbert sells pamphlets for ten cents a copy. Each dime, it is stated, goes to the "missionary work" in which she is rather vaguely reported to be concerned. Her other name, we learn, is "Violet," not so bold a one as would seem to consort with the general publicity of her conduct. We also learn that "Violet" has a permit, signed by the Mayor, to stand on any street, from the Battery to Harlem River, and blossom there, with her cross. This is clearly an indulgence of disorderly conduct, not to mention gross insolence, on the part of him who is supposed to govern our town with discretion, justice and good taste. Mayor Strong has no right, either as ruler or gentleman, to license such a wanton discourtesy. If Mrs. Violet Gilbert is allowed to express her private opinions in this loud and foolish way, there is no reason at all why any John Doe should not thus express his disapprobation of any Richard Roe whom he chanced to dislike. The whole affair is quite scandalous. Colonel Ingersoll probably cares about it as much as he would care for the losing of a pin. He is much too great a man to concern himself with such trifles. But Mayor Strong is none the less culpable. His duty is to protect New Yorkers from outrage, not to encourage in them the commission of it. Moreover, Colonel Ingersoll has of late been somewhat ill, and this fact has occasioned his loving and lovable family more than a little concern. The present silly and yet serious bit of antics, therefore, seems just now rather cruelly ill-timed.

A NEW NAME FOR NEW YORK.

A correspondent, noticing my request that the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY should concern themselves with the question of a new name for New York, and a better one, if possible, than my own proposed "Manhattan," presents the word Yorklynsey. His reasons for liking it are, first, that it preserves the original name while enlarging it; second, that it ignores the "New"; third, that it contains all the letters of Brooklyn except B and all those of Jersey except J; fourth, that it is novel and fresh and would look well in print; fifth, that it is euphonious; sixth, that it has an "ancient flavor" (though just what the writer means by this I am at a loss to reach); seventh, that it sounds magisterial, having ten letters and repeating none save the initial one which is also final. *Yorklynsey?* . . . Well, I confess that I prefer "Manhattan," though others may not. As a rule, words that end in "sey" do not strike me as particularly dignified; they always make me think of "linsey-woolsey," which is not a particularly dignified thing. Still, this gentleman (whose name is Charles M. Campbell, and whose residence is in Boulder, Colorado) has done a commendable piece of pioneering. Will no one else imitate his polite and valued example? Expectation stands on tiptoe, and the very silence itself seems to murmur "next." It is not so unimportant an affair, by any means, this selection of a beautiful name for a city which in future ages will perhaps be the most beautiful throughout the entire world.

A NEW KIND OF INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE.

If Miss May Goelet gives her hand to Prince Alexander of Teck she must of course do so with the full permission of Queen Victoria. That she should do so without it is simply unthinkable. But will the Queen grant any such permission whatever? Prince Alexander is not an H.R.H.; he is an H.S.H. At the same time, unless his sister should die before she ascends the throne, he will be brother to the Queen of England and Empress of India. She will not be at all a sovereign in the sense of Victoria, but she will be a queen-consort and an empress-consort, which expresses a tolerably "exalted" state. Everything is managed by precedent among the royal family here. What is done is always done because it has been done in times past. This marriage would have no precedent whatever. Prince Alexander himself is royal, through his mother, the Duchess of Teck, who was Princess Mary of Cambridge, first cousin of the Queen. But you can count on your fingers the few, the very few, cases where any English prince has married a "commoner." Certainly, I should say, two hundred years have elapsed since he presumed to commit so dire a matrimonial indiscretion, and then he was always a reigning power, who could have married his cook, if so disposed, in calm disdain of either the House of Commons or the House of Lords. Miss Goelet might consent to become the sister-in-law of the Duchess of York, but if she does, the discomforts which she will pile up for herself will be simply incalculable.

ROYAL CONSERVATISM.

Several years ago that clever yet unfortunate man, Lord Randolph Churchill, said of royal personages words to this effect: "You can go just so far with them, and then they suddenly draw you up, letting you understand what they believe their infinite superiority." This is perfectly true. Royalties are bland and courteous to you, but behind all their clemency and graciousness lurks the trashy *noli me tangere* mood, the insufferable "God's anointed" feeling. Miss Goelet will be made to suffer from this coldly daggering kind of hauteur. As Princess Alexander of Teck, she may be allowed to enter by the royal gateway, which all the great houses of London have; for a wife, in England, takes the rank of the man she marries, just as Mary of Teck became a Royal Highness instead of a Serene Highness after she married the Duke of York. But the ladies of the English Court, the princesses of the blood, will forever remind her that with all her millions she is not *des nôtres*. She will entail upon herself untold mortification, untold suffering. I say "will," though it would be wiser to say "might"; for it seems no more improbable that the Queen would set her *cachet* on such a marriage than that she would allow Mr. Goldmine of California to wed one of her granddaughters. Indeed, for that matter, she refused to countenance the marriage of her cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, to a lady whom she regarded as beneath him in rank. This was years ago, and the sons of the Duke of Cambridge are now grown-up, elderly men, bearing the name, if I mistake not, of Fitzgeorge, popular in society, and occupying military positions of high degree. That the Duke should calmly

submit to such social tyranny is one thing; that the gentlemen who are his sons should submit to it is another. And yet the Duke and his sons have never, to my knowledge, made the faintest demur. If they did the entire House of Lords would be arraigned against them. The lady who is now in reality Duchess of Cambridge, though born a "commoner," has quietly consented to a lot of obscurity, and her sons have never made the least effort to secure titles which undoubtedly, in all sense of decent equity, belong to them. A vast wall of precedent, even of parliamentary law itself, forbids them to do so. England has deprived its monarch of many rights and privileges, but one of these its potentate still retains. None of the "blood royal" can marry without her consent. The Duke of Cambridge did. Hence his marriage has been looked upon as a morganatic one, even though such unions are not accepted in the British empire. At the time he wedded the lady to whom I have referred he was far nearer in the "line of succession" than now. Royalty in England hugs itself to itself with an amazing ardor. It not only does that; it maintains a belief in the so-called sanctity of thrones and crowns. If I had been one of the Duke of Cambridge's sons it seems to me that I would have fought for my due and proper birthright, tooth-and-nail, even though I tossed its titles and "honors" contemptuously into the gutter after they were attained. The entire House of Lords might have snarled and shown their teeth. But the House of Commons, with such men as Mr. Labouchere to head them, might have shown me a trifle more of human and humane respect.

FADS OF FOREIGN CHEMISTS.

Why is it that nearly all London chemists close at about nine o'clock P.M.? In Paris, by the way, it is the same thing. These are among the matters which annoy Americans, and very naturally indeed. Of course one can "ring the bell," but one does not wish to take any such dramatic mode as that for the purpose of securing a bottle of "Pond's Extract" or of "Brown's Jamaica Ginger." New York chemists often keep their shops open till midnight. The inconvenience in these other foreign cases to which I have referred is deplorable. On Sundays, moreover, the London chemists rarely take down their shutters until nine o'clock P.M., and then are prepared to serve you for only a short time, even if they do that. In countries of old civilizations it is curious to observe these traits, which would seem far more suited to the extreme wilds of our own West. Then, too, it is astonishing to find at these places the plentiful lack of American commodities. You could bathe in their enormous quantity of trashy perfumes; but if you seek for a block of magnesia (useful after shaving, and for other purposes as well) you are baffled again and again. "Pond's Extract," so infallible in its healing powers, like nothing else of its kind that exists on the known globe, is here by no means easy to procure. Lots of pomades are poked at you, but the simple and wholesome vaseline is rarely obtained in its best form. The refreshing delights of American Bay Rum are almost unknown here. You try to get it, you ask for American Bay Rum, and you receive some pink decoction that stains your kerchief a horrible yellow, in some necromantic way, not to speak of clouding black your disappointed soul.

THE POPE'S GREAT WEALTH.

It is amazing, they say, how rich is the present Pope. About ten acres of land comprise the area of the Vatican. The palace spreads over this space, and in it are no less than twenty million dollars of gold, at the present price of unwrought metal. None of this gold remains in its virgin state. Artists and artisans have worked it into countless forms. These are all in the shape of offerings to the Sovereign Pontiff, and are without alloy, being of virgin gold. The Pope inherited many of these treasures when elected to the Holy See. He is not required to give any account of the latter. At the Jubilee Mass alone, in 1888, it is stated, three million dollars in coined gold were presented to His Holiness by various countries, and France gave him no less than a hundred thousand gold dollars, not to speak of many other objects of the same material. The Duke of Norfolk, a devout Romanist, presented to the Pope, on behalf of the Catholics of England, a solid gold basin and ewer. Queen Victoria herself (how strange this seems on the part of a Protestant royalty!) sent him a golden altar-ornament of great price. The Emperor of Russia sent a huge crozier of solid gold, inlaid with precious stones. The Emperor of Germany sent a miter of gold that was incrustured with diamonds and rubies. The powers of Austria, Turkey, China and Japan, and smaller ones in Europe, America, Asia and Africa, sent numberless articles of immense worth. Dom Pedro of Brazil sent gold a cross sixteen inches long, studded with great diamonds. Statues, pontifical rings bearing superb gems, vestments of wondrous workmanship, all found their way to Leo XIII. One single set of vestments, embroidered in spun gold, is said to have been rated at twenty thousand dollars. It should be added that the entire cost of the Golden Jubilee gifts to Leo were "netted" at nearly fifteen millions of dollars, and that almost three millions of this amount were in gold coin. And yet there are people who declare that Revealed Religion is dying! Long ago the late Matthew Arnold wrote that it was "touched with the spear of Ithuriel." Well, the spear, in that case, would seem a rather gentle one, and Ithuriel himself a somewhat tardy antagonist.

MRS. NAVARRO'S NEW REPORTED VENTURE.

What is the mystery about Mrs. Mary Anderson Navarro? Is she really cultivating her voice? Is it so remarkable as certain rumors allege? This is quite beyond the bounds of probability, since her voice for an actress was almost as charming as that of the late Edwin Booth for an actor, which is paying her a very high compliment indeed. All in all, I should say that when I last looked upon her she was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. That is exactly eight years ago, at a little reception held in a private box at the Princess's Theater, here in London, where Mr. Wilson Barrett had been playing "Claudian" to a crowded house. She was then unmarried, enormously popular, and asserted to have many friends of the highest English social place. Her whole

career, shortly after this time, became shrouded in a sort of fascinating dimness. We learned that she was ill; then, if I mistake not, she recovered sufficiently to reappear on the stage. Then she retired from it, and permanently, this retirement being soon succeeded by her marriage. She stated, not long ago, that she detested an actress's life. Will she now seek that of a prima donna, who is always an actress in two senses? I cannot credit such a report, although it is affirmed that she has engaged one of the leading vocal teachers of Paris, and will continue to study under his tutelage until she has developed the voice which her friends insist that she possesses. If pecuniary pressure should, by chance, force her again upon the stage, what rashness to appear there in any other capacity than her old one! Thousands would hail her, thus dramatically *rediviva*, for she had great histrionic talents, even admitting that genius was not actually her dower—and this I should be inclined to doubt. But to sing in opera, at her present age, and after the theatric experiences of a totally different sort through which she has passed! Some one of her many admirers and devotees should assure her that she would simply be tempting the insuperable, and that this way madness lies.

A ROYAL MARTYR.

Princess Charles of Denmark, so recently Princess Maud of Wales, may soon cause a serious family quarrel. She detests Copenhagen, though she adores her husband, it is said, and no doubt with truth, since she refused his elder brother, who is heir to the throne. It now looks, however, very much as though there has been a method in what many an ambitious damsel would pronounce her madness; for possibly she thought that by securing a prince of lesser rank she might still continue to dwell in her beloved England. But no; King Christian insists that her new lord shall remain under the shadow of his own flag, and the Danes, with whom young Prince Charles is very popular, heartily approve this decree. He belongs to the Danish navy, and it is argued that his proper place of residence should therefore admit of no dispute. Meanwhile Maud mopes and pines and is homesick to the bone. Her father, the Prince of Wales, asserts that the severity of the climate is killing his poor child. Queen Victoria offers her granddaughter's husband a lieutenancy in the Navy. But still King Christian shakes his head in implacable negative. He and others of his race affirm that it is all very well for Maud to say she cannot stand the climate. When a girl she stood it perfectly for months at a time. She simply finds the society of the Danish capital humdrum, and longs for old friends and the brilliancies of English life. Besides, she had plenty of leisure in which to consider all these matters before making up her mind to be a Norseman's bride. So, neither side will yield; there is grumbling galore and probably some hot snarling as well, and it is all a very pretty quarrel as it stands.

ABOUT LONDON WEATHER.

One always hears a great deal about the scandalous misbehavior of London weather. Well, I admit that it can be rather dolorous at times. But then it does what no other weather of my acquaintance does: it gives you the unexpected, the spectacular, sometimes the sublime. We have had slight rain here for many weeks, and it is now the 8th of October. Of course it may either pour through the whole of November or else remain in fog. You can ill predict how much of a meteorologic scamp November may be, and the famous lampoon that Hood delivered against it was really no libel. But I am speaking of the present. One can never safely decide, in London, concerning what may happen or may not. Just now extraordinary and weird things are happening. You rise from bed and look forth, at nine o'clock or earlier. The vast town is swathed in tawny vapor. You walk abroad. Regent Street, Oxford Street, the Haymarket, all make you fancy that you are still in your chamber at home, dreaming about them and not seeing them at all. The policemen are phantasmal, despite their sturdiness. The newsboys are fitting ghosts. The omnibuses, rolling along, with their flamboyances of advertisement and their heaped-up effects of overtopping passengers, glimmer like the vague chariots of some elfin procession. The uncouth cabs glimmer with mystic oddity. Everything is fantastic and weird. An hour or two later the mist lifts. Then you see the sun, and it is red as blood. Nobody seems to care for its hobgoblin magnificence. People shop and drive and lunch and stroll, as if the ghost of the great sky-limner, Turner, were not alive in these astounding skies. Toward afternoon the blue of the infinite steals forth. Sometimes it is pillowed with huge saffron clouds, of the sort that Constable loved, and painted with so supreme a skill. Latterly, however, there have been firmaments of the loveliest violet tinge, like those of our own September, when she is kind to us. And then occurs the most enchanting visitation. London is pervaded, from five o'clock till sunset, with the odorless smoke of a million cigarettes. Not cigars, cigarettes. Or, if you please, the effluences from Turkish narghiles. The atmosphere, meanwhile, is chill, delicious, bracing. You need good wraps while you wend your way past Hyde Park and watch the fairy atmospheric languor in which its huge green stretch seems to drowse. Marvelous, nowadays, are the heaven and air of London. You feel your three thousand miles of distance between here and the hard brightness of Coney Island, Hoboken, Fifth Avenue and High Bridge. In Italy you often do not. I have looked skyward from the Pincian Gardens in Rome, and said to myself, "Westchester County, New York, on a fine October day!" But here in London, the weather never reminds one of America. Lots of other things do, and still lots of other things don't. But the capricious, hateful, winsome, loathsome and sometimes adorable weather—never!

AN HISTORICAL PAINTER.

Sir John Gilbert died yesterday, after a somewhat lingering illness, at the age of eighty. Distinguished people who die at eighty, in our present hurly-burly age, have generally been forgotten for a decade. If they die at ninety their obituaries, as a rule, are usually a matter of "raking up" on the part of the newspapers. We end the usefulness of our lives too often at sixty, and if we linger on we "lag

superfluous," as Shakespeare himself said, who died only a little later than fifty. But Sir John Gilbert was one of the very most capable of the "Royal Academician" painters. He has delighted thousands by his historical pictures. Like all important persons who surpass their creative epoch, I have no doubt that by many he was thought to be dead years ago. When Mr. Ruskin pays the debt of nature it is probable that thousands who admired him in their youth will exclaim: "Ruskin dead! Why, I thought he'd been dead an age!" This is terribly pathetic, perhaps, but it is also terribly true. . . . Sir John Gilbert has been called, and by no means erroneously, the most brilliant designer whom England has ever produced. For years he was the leading light of "The Illustrated London News," having failed on "Punch." To the latter his wood-cuts were unsuitable; he could not be comic. Jerrold's remark about him is still remembered: "We haven't any use for a Rubens on the paper." Seriously, a Rubens he was not, for there never was an English one. But though supremely fine as a black-and-white draughtsman, he exhibited at the Royal Academy and elsewhere paintings which delighted throngs. "The Mad Don and the Worthy Sancho Panza at the Castle of the Duke and Duchess," "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," "Queen Margaret Carried a Prisoner to Edward after the Battle of Tewksbury"—one remembers these and many another masterpiece, each as stately and imposing as its name. To quit the world, like this, happier and better than you have lived in it—how the very iciness of Negation is tinged with splendor by such a death! And how it points to enormities of contrast! Some of us crawl out of the world like wounded rats to their holes; others leave it as with wavings of triumphant banners and to the throbblings of thunderous drums.

COLLOQUIALISMS.

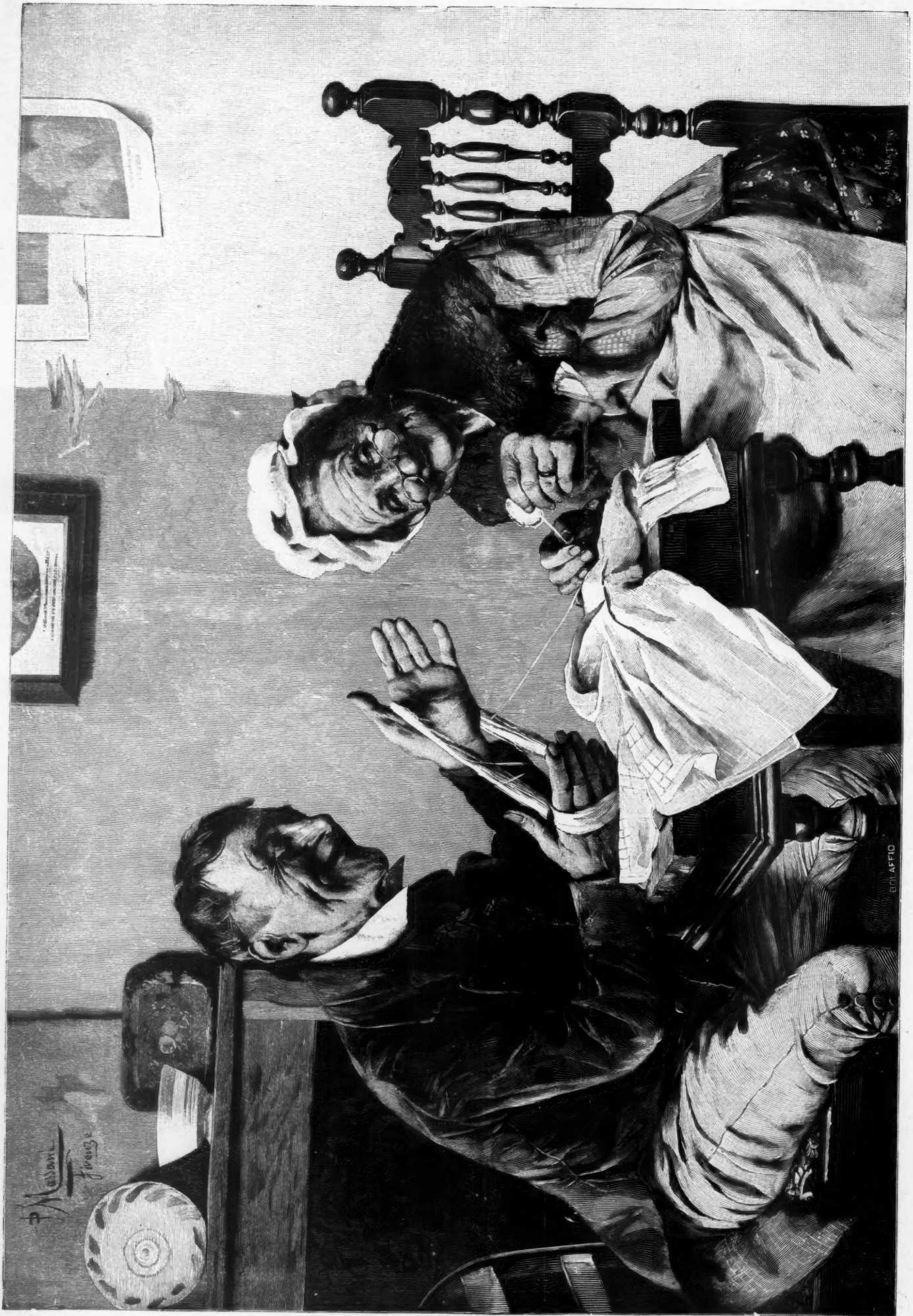
Are we Americans "corrupting" the English undefiled of London? Not long ago I heard an Englishman state that over here they quite often said "pants" for "trousers." I told him he was wrong, and that the word was only applied to articles of underwear. Still, I would have been just as decided on the subject of "vest" for "waistcoat." And yet only yesterday I received from a London tailor a bill on which the word "vest" was distinctly written. In reality, "waistcoat" is an incorrect word as used here, since the garment is not a coat for the waist at all, and does not in the faintest degree resemble one. . . . The English are intensely fond of the word "lovely." They use it on all occasions; the habit seems even to be growing upon them; they tell you of a lovely sunset, a lovely horse, a lovely game of golf, a lovely "cross-country" ride, a lovely nosegay. . . . Their "quite so" always diverts me; as a rule it is so entertainingly incorrect. An American will say, for example: "I had just got into town, I had not been able to dine on the train, and I was almost ready to snatch their bags of provender from the noses of the cab-horses at the station." "Quite so," smiles the Englishman. You say: "Imagine my displeasure, my disgust, at such an occurrence." "Quite so," you are sympathetically answered. . . . "Cravat" is a word you seldom meet in England; it is invariably "tie," a word which has slight authority to exist at all in the shape of a noun, and one which we almost solely use in connection with matters of sport. . . . "Fancy" is a charming popular English phrase; you love to hear it from the lips of a pretty woman, though you hear it from all sorts of lips. It is the equivalent of our "Just think!" and is much more graceful. Of course this question of international verbalism is an endless one.

AND COMPARISONS.

Our hideous "I guess" you never hear. But "I expect" is often used wrongly, as, "I expect you didn't enjoy yourself yesterday," etc., etc. . . . "Sick," of course, is hardly understood here as anything but "nauseated," though it is a good old Shakespearean word, and one of much solid claim than "ill." Our "drug store" is unknown to British ear or eye. Both prefer "chemist," and with far better taste. Still, why they have abandoned "apothecary" I cannot see. Is it not, after all, an apter word than "chemist," in this sense? We speak of the great Faraday as "a chemist." There is an "American Shoe Store," rather flauntingly set forth as such, in Regent Street, but this is obviously intended to attract the tourist. . . . "Store" for "shop" is as much discounted as "elevator" for "lift." The American habit of calling a magazine of commerce a "store" cannot be defended; but "elevator" is a much more sensible term than "lift," which is almost classable under the head of slang. If you asked an Englishman which depot would be the best wherefrom to take the train for Brighton, you would run the risk of not being understood. Why we call a railway station a "depot" is hard to explain. It is not taken from the French, in this connection, since "gare" is invariably employed throughout France, and *depôt* has no such definition. . . . And so the colloquial vocabulary of our English and of England's English has twisted itself wrong or kept itself right in either country. Altogether, about an equal number of faults and inaccuracies exist on either side. The instant we feel ourselves entitled to blame them, they can seize upon a logical pretext for blaming us. They speak the language far more musically and engagingly than we do, but we both speak it with about the same random disregard.

TO DISCOURAGE LYNCHING.

Governor Atkinson of Georgia gives considerable attention, in his annual message, to the crime of lynching; not only does he free his mind regarding the gravity and meanness of the crime, but he advises the enactment of a law providing for searching investigations of all lynchings and the punishment of officials who fall short of their full duty in protecting prisoners, and the making of the county liable for the full value of any life taken by mob violence. He goes enough further to startle any one who enjoys taking part in lynchings, for he advises that threatened prisoners be freed of their shackles, have arms placed in their hands, and be allowed to defend themselves. A prisoner with a Winchester rifle and a knife or two would be a depressing spectacle to the sneaks and brutes composing most lynching gangs.



HELPMATES.—FROM A DRAWING BY P. MASSANI.



XLII.

BOSS
CROKER.

WHILE crossing the Atlantic the other day with Mr. Stead, Mr. Croker submitted to an interview with the former, which is now published. Mr. Croker is, upon the whole, the most picturesque figure in local politics; Mr. Stead likens him to Reineke Fuchs; but what he says is entertaining and often instructive. He told the Englishman that the law of the universe is, that right always triumphs in the long run, though evil may for a time seem to be victorious. Hence the uniform success of Tammany. He was Boss of Tammany simply because he was always good and true, and also had the knack of proposing the right thing at the right moment. Bosses are not elected; like Topsy, they grow spontaneously. Nothing that Mr. Croker, during his thirty years' experience in political life, had done, had been other than right, he said. There is a mystic force in angelic natures like his which pushes them to the top whether they will or no. Whoever the nominee of Tammany for Mayor might be, declared Mr. Croker, he would be elected. He had not at that time made up his mind whether or not he himself would run; but if he did, he would be elected; and if elected, he would be in his grave inside of four years. That in itself might not deter him; but there was also the fact that no man, not even Mr. Croker, could do otherwise than fail as first Mayor of Greater New York, because the charter was an instrument which nobody could work with; and though Mr. Croker might, if need be, die for his country, he hesitated to die in the process of making an inevitable failure. It is pleasant to know that Mr. Croker will neither die nor fail, but will, when the election is over, continue to be the ornament of private life which he has been since the sittings of a certain Committee. Mr. Croker also informed Mr. Stead that Tammany stood because it was supported by the people of New York, who recognized and loved its virtues and honesty. The people might be misled for a time, as had happened when they elected Mr. Strong; but not every time; and not this next time any way.

MORALIST
CROKER. Mr. Croker went on to say that organization—the Machine—was indispensable to practical politics; and that a man should go with his party, or organization, right or wrong. He affirmed that the spoils system was the right and only available system; it might not be the absolute ideal, but human nature would not work for nothing, and the only way of paying it, in politics, was with spoils. These sayings occasion reflections. What is Mr. Croker's definition of right and wrong, honesty and dishonesty? Mr. Stead omitted to ask him. If Tammany be always right, it is never wrong; or if, sometimes, it be wrong, who makes it so unless it be bosses like Mr. Croker, who, by his own confession, is always right? But Mr. Croker observed, in speaking of loyalty to the organization, that he had not always been in accord with Tammany. Either, then, Tammany was wrong on these occasions of difference, or Mr. Croker was. In the former case, Mr. Croker must have done wrong in order to be loyal to Tammany. But since he never did wrong, then wrong, if done or ordered by Tammany, must cease to be wrong, and become right. If, on the other hand, Tammany was right, then Mr. Croker must have been wrong. In either event, a man can do both wrong and right at the same time. This is perplexing. Again, as to that statement that the reason the people support Tammany is that they know it to be honest: how does this tally with his assertion that the only way to hold the people in line—that is, to win their support—is to give them the spoils? In that case, to be honest, and to divide the spoils, are one and the same thing. So long as Tammany rewards its supporters with spoils, Tammany is honest. Should Tammany, otherwise honest, neglect to share the spoils, it would become dishonest. Or should Tammany, otherwise dishonest, divide the spoils, it would become honest. We are getting into high metaphysics, but not out of our perplexity. Furthermore, says Mr. Croker, we should always give offices to our friends rather than to other persons. He adds "other things being equal," but of course a man would not be the friend of an honest man were he dishonest, so it amounts to always giving the office to our friends. If we were dishonest, naturally we should give the office to our dishonest friends, since dishonesty lives by dishonest means. Mr. Stead is, I believe, a metaphysician, and it is strange he did not secure an explanation of Mr. Croker's explanation while he was in the way with him. Since Mr. Croker's arrival here he seems to have adopted a morose and surly manner; he bids Mr. George jail him now, if he can, instead of waiting till he (Mr. George) is Mayor, which, according to Mr. Croker, he will never be. He concedes Mr. George fifteen thousand votes at the outside. He says he got all his money honestly, and can prove it if required. He says it is nobody's business but his own whether he takes part in politics or not; and although he said, when he first got back from Europe, that he was out of politics henceforth and forever, definitely and literally, and yet is now in politics up to the neck, nevertheless he is a man of his word. In short, Mr. Croker is not only a boss and a moralist, but an enigma. He even deprives us of the pride of believing him a crony of Albert Edward: "I don't know the man by sight," he declares in a disgusted tone; and neither of them ever offered the other a light for his cigar. (How he can be certain of this if he does not know the Prince of Wales by sight is another enigma; but we may as well give up the attempt to understand either of them right here.)

THE
SPANISH
WAR.

Through this municipal din, the rumors of Spanish imbrolio make themselves more or less clearly audible. The Note replying to Woodford's is to be kept a secret till after Congress meets; but all the papers are publishing a *précis* of it. The "Herald" calls it pacific; the "Journal" sees war in it. The English papers are saying that if war results, Spain will get the worst of it; they also say that the difficulty between us and Spain has been fomented by a syndicate which aims to own Cuba and administer it. One of the magazines prints a story about "The late War with Spain"; and certainly, if the war ever comes, it can hardly take anybody by surprise, however it turns out; every conceivable aspect and issue of it having been long since canvassed and discounted. But the rescue of Evangelina Cisneros was a good object lesson: nothing could have been more popular, and Evangelina stands for Cuba, and her rescue for the liberation of that island from Spanish oppression. If Mr. McKinley gives the word, he can be assured of popular support. And although the probabilities are that we might be some time in bringing Spain down, the final result for her would be much worse than if, with a navy like England's, we were to subdue her instantly. She would be led on and on, until her ruin was utter and irretrievable. At present she reminds one of the giants Pope and Pagan in "Pilgrim's Progress," who sit in decay and impotence beside the way, gnashing their toothless jaws and shaking their palsied fists, but unable to carry the malice of their hearts into overt act. It is probable that fifty years hence there will be no more left of Spain than there now is of Poland; but whereas the latter was a loss to Europe, the extinction of Spain will be a benefit. Politically and socially, she is carrion already, and hygiene requires that she should be eliminated from the map. But there is physical vitality in the Spanish race, and intellectual ability in some members of it; and these qualities will find their use, like all good things, under altered and more reasonable conditions. It is only as a nation that they have become impossible.

INDIA.

It is a pity to see fine fellows, like those English officers and men, being shot by mountaineers on the Indian border; and a pity, too, to see such brave fanatics immolating themselves in an apparently hopeless cause. No one can wish to see the English beaten; but neither can we help sympathizing with the natives, who have every reason, as they believe, to wish the English exterminated. It is one of the mysteries and tragedies of history—the inevitable conflict between barbarism and civilization; neither party can help themselves; and barbarism must go. And yet, were a true leader to arise among the Barbarians, a war could be waged which might tax the strength of England. No one who has not seen India, and the character of the mountain passes, can form an adequate idea of the difficulties attending a campaign there, even with the appliances of modern warfare. In these narrow, crooked and headlong paths, "a thousand may well be stopped by three"; and every check given to the invaders multiplies the number of the defenders. But the safety of the British lies in the fact that there is no real cohesion between the tribes, and no one man to whom they all look for guidance, and to obey whom they will sink differences and unite. It has somewhat surprised me, however, that no European officer has volunteered to lead the tribesmen. There are men of military genius in the Russian army, and in other civilized armies, who are ambitious and adventurous enough to leave everything for the chance of becoming the general in a victory over the English in India. After a few successes, the whole of the northern provinces, and perhaps two-thirds of India proper, would be in arms, and I don't see how the English could make head against such a revolt. The Indian Mutiny was a mutiny and nothing more; the rebels had no leaders and did not know what they wanted, nor did they co-operate intelligently; and yet what a mark they made on history! But no such revolution will ever occur in India; and if it did, it would be India's destruction; for fifty different nations there are waiting to fly at one another's throats as soon as the restraint of England's power is withdrawn. There are but fifty million Mohammedans in India, against five times as many Hindus; but the former are far better fighting men, and hang better together. There is hereditary hatred between the two religions, and should an internecine war occur, I should expect the Moslems to be victorious. Such a result would set back civilization in the East many years; and it might have consequences far more serious and positive than that. India seems bound to bad luck, whatever happens; but her present condition is more favorable than any other that can be imagined for her. And gradually, if no outward disturbances occur, the liability to famine will decrease. As to the plague, which seems to be breaking out afresh, there is at present no known remedy for that; and the resistance of the natives, from caste motives, to anything in the shape of hygienic precautions, multiplies the already enormous difficulties of dealing with it effectively. But certainly India can spare some of her population without harm to her prosperity in other respects. Those terrible plains have twice too many inhabitants as it is.

LEUTGERT.

The trial of this man is to be done over again. It has already cost the State fifty thousand dollars, and the new proceedings may mount up half as much again. All this to prove that a man who, at the best, is an unwelcome member of society, boiled his wife, a woman whom nobody ever before heard of or cares for, in a vat in his sausage factory. But civilization demands it, and quite properly. The individual is nothing, the principle everything. As to the merits of the case, the general opinion in Chicago is that Leutgert is guilty; but there was also a general expectation that the jury would disagree. This expectation was based not upon the defense, but upon the supposed predilections of certain men on the jury. The man was named who would resist a conviction, from the early weeks of the trial, and the result has verified anticipation. This man had been mixed up, rightly or wrongly, in questionable transactions, and it was

thought that he not only wanted to "get back at" the Chicago police, but, perhaps, had apprehensions of what Leutgert might reveal were he convicted. There really was no defense of Leutgert at all; every single allegation put forward by Leutgert's lawyers was disproved by the State. Some of the defense-witnesses unquestionably perjured themselves, but in the case of most of them their evidence was the merest hearsay, and amounted to nothing. Their "experts" were not expert at all, but a pack of ignorant chemists and small doctors, anxious to advertise themselves. All the points advanced by the State were proved beyond a reasonable doubt; but yet the jury disagreed. Will the jury of the next trial do so? It is not often that a second trial succeeds; and there will be great difficulty in getting an unprejudiced jury for this case, since there can hardly be a human being within two hundred miles of Chicago, able to read, or even with ears to hear others read and talk, who has not heard all about the first trial and formed his opinion about it. The interest aroused by the trial was very widespread; I was told by a resident of Pittsburg, for example, that a big crowd awaited the coming of the train from Chicago every day, containing the newspaper accounts of the proceedings. In Chicago itself the reports were daily devoured by the entire population; you saw the tramps in the streets absorbed in the scare-headed columns, sitting on the curb, or on the steps of buildings. This was partly due to the fact that the trial was regarded as a duel between the police and the rough classes, which has been going on ever since the Cronin trial. I know little of the merits of the quarrel; but I became acquainted with Inspector Shaack, and considered him one of the best policemen in the country; and such small contact as I had with the force in general impressed me very favorably; they are more courteous than our New York force, and admirably disciplined.

THE
WINDY
CITY.

The month I spent in Chicago was a busy month for me, and I was unable to take advantage of many opportunities kindly offered me to enjoy the social side of the great city. But I had lived in Chicago during four months of the Great Fair, and conceived an affection as well as an admiration for it; no one could help doing so. I have never met more hospitable and cordial people; and they are very cheerful, earnest, vigorous and energetic; they love their city and are proud of it, and it appeared to me that interest in municipal affairs, and knowledge of them, were more widespread than in New York. They are ardent in business; but there is also great and intelligent interest in art and literature; the handsome Art Institute, with its magnificent pair of lions by Edward Kemeys, the greatest sculptor of wild animals that ever lived, not excepting Barye, is the resort of thousands of people weekly; the daily newspapers are many and well written, though of course much less money is spent on first-hand matter than by the great dailies of New York. There was a weekly periodical—the "Chap-Book," I think was its title—which I often read, on account of the excellence and spirit of its reviews; who the staff are I know not; but their work would be acceptable anywhere. I did not have time to visit the Press Club, but I remember it of old, and the agreeable society I found there; and the newspaper men whom I encountered during the work of the trial were welcome and friendly companions, who treated the stranger among them with perfect kindness and courtesy. The city itself, regarded as a collection of streets and houses, does not compare so favorably with New York; it is comparatively gloomy. But Michigan Avenue, on which my hotel faced, is one of the finest boulevards in the world. It extends along the shores of the Lake, and many of the handsomest dwellings and other buildings of Chicago face on it. The railway runs between it and the Lake shore, but hidden below its embankment; the breadth of ground between, which, when I was here during the Fair, was a dirty waste, muddy and rubbishy, with tramps lounging and sleeping over it, is now a beautiful series of grass plots, with stone terraces and embellishments, and adorned with two excellent statues in bronze, which ought to make our Central Park commissioners blush for shame. The boulevard is paved with wood or asphalt, and is the parade ground of innumerable bicyclers, men and women, who skim up and down all day, but mostly in the late afternoon and evening. It seems as if the whole population were a wheel; and they are very good riders. There are almost as many women as men; and I must record my conviction that there are more pretty girls riding in Chicago than in any other city known to me; nor have I elsewhere seen pretty girls who rode so gracefully and dressed so becomingly. The costume—a skirt falling just below the knee, and sometimes divided—is the most becoming a well-made woman can put on. Many of them ride diamond-frame wheels, which seem to me better on all accounts than the style supposed to be specially adapted for the sex. Tandems are numerous, generally with a man at one end and a woman at the other; and you occasionally see trios and quartets. The boulevard continues southward for an unknown distance—upward of a dozen miles, I believe. The weather was magnificent during the latter weeks of my stay—it was too hot at first—and the changing colors of the Lake, so like, yet so unlike, the sea, were delightful to watch. Finally, the hotel was as comfortable as could be desired, and was manned by a most polite and obliging staff. The only fault I could find with it was that it got too much to eat, and of such good quality that it was difficult to refrain from over-indulgence. If Chicago were only a seaport—but one accustomed to sea-breezes can never become quite reconciled to inland air.

SWEAT-
SHOPS.

Now that the times have begun to improve, it may be hoped that we shall see a diminution of this evil. It is the result of inhuman selfishness on the part of employers; but we are all in a measure to blame for it, for we have no conscience about encouraging the production of cheap goods, though we know at what a cost of human suffering they must be furnished. The effort to make money rapidly has become a positive disease among our business men; they are not satisfied with reasonable profits,

Pears'

Oh! the luxury of it. Nothing else makes the skin so soft and beautiful. To wash or bathe with Pears' Soap is the acme of comfort and cleanliness. But—be sure you get Pears'.

Economical—wears to the thinness of a wafer. Avoid substitutes.

Pears' (the original) Shaving Stick is unrivalled.

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but desire abnormal ones; and the last thing many of them think of doing is providing decent accommodations for their employees, and giving them tolerable hours of labor. The prosperity of the country as a whole suffers from such a policy; we can never hope to be a great nation in any worthy sense, if we create a population who are practically slaves. The nervous exhaustion consequent upon sitting for days and nights at a machine, or of waiting upon a constant stream of exacting customers in the great shops, is literally murderous; and it is made worse than it need be by bad ventilation and by the absence of seats (in the latter case) for the salespeople to sit down on. If dealers would shorten the hours of work, the public would soon accommodate themselves to the change, and just as much business would be done as now; while the employees would have some opportunity to realize that they are human beings, with a right to live. The existence they are forced to lead now does not deserve the name of life; it is nothing but work, followed by the sleep of exhaustion. People in such conditions have not time to marry, and cannot afford to do so; if they do marry, what sort of progeny can they expect to raise? This wrong has been going on for a very long time; it is seldom brought up for consideration because the sufferers are not in a position to make their sufferings known, and are in dread of losing even the wretched support they have. We are reforming many things which are far less in need of reform than is this cruel abuse. We can better endure dirty streets and undecorated buildings than ruined fellow-creatures. But we do not need to sacrifice the former in order to save the latter; if we cannot support a decent working population in our fine country, we are a failure, and that fact will sooner or later be brought home to us. But it is entirely possible to make our vast army of employees happy and healthy without taxing ourselves to any appreciable amount. And let us begin now.

DR. TRUDEAU'S TREATMENT

THE name was somehow familiar to Chalfont in happier days; he could ill have told just how. Perhaps he had heard some man at the club say: "What an infernal humbug that fellow must be!" or perhaps a sighing comment on human credulity (while she read aloud some newspaper under the evening lamp) had escaped from his dear dead wife.

His dear dead wife! She had vanished from him so suddenly that it now seemed as if she had gone into the next room, closed a door, and never afterward returned. And with her departure all happiness had perished. People said to him: "Your boy, Eugene," and he would nod and mutter "Yes." But little Eugene, who was now seven, whom he had adored until this calamity crashed into his home, could sometimes hardly win one heedful fatherly look.

"Papa, papa, you don't love me any more!" the child cried to him one evening, with both rosy arms about his neck; and Chalfont, who felt the reproach to be pondarding, volubly denied it, with flushes and tender words.

Afterward a sort of fright fell upon him. Had Eugene spoken truth? Was all deep feeling impossible, now? The sun had been quenched in the heavens, and neither moon nor planet could shine any more. There were certain cold, remote lights . . . honor, self-respect, duty; but often how dim seemed even their glimmers!

Poor little Eugene! He had been right. It was horrible to admit—one must confess it with shudders; but still, he had been right! "Toward what," mused Chalfont, "am I drifting?"

An answer seemed to reach him. "Indifference—despair—suicide."

Suicide! He masked his bowed face in two hollowed hands, then bared it, with a laugh of irony. He had always thought suicide so pyrotechnic. It had never struck him as cowardly, because he couldn't find that term suited for painting a leap into the Unknown. . . Others might; he couldn't. But the taste of the thing!

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR CAN BE REMOVED.

"I am free from the mortification of years," writes one lady. "Worth its weight in gold," writes another. Any lady can get this information by addressing Mrs. M. N. PERRY, A304, Box 93, Oak Park, Ill. Mention that you saw this item in COLLIER'S WEEKLY, and you will receive a sealed letter in return.

Bah! Cato had done it, yet all that was "Rome." *Autres temps*, and so on. But now! It always made him smell the damp ink of the morning newspaper. And what, in the name of refinement, could be a more newspaperish thing?

Still, as subtle suasions counseled, it possessed, this suicide question, certain dark dignities. Chalfont had supremely loved his dead wife. People, when they were wedded, had said: "It is a perfect marriage." For eight years mutual ennui had been as distant from it as sloth from a lark. The world had blackened since her death. The voices of those with whom he talked sounded monotonous as sounds from the lips of corpses. Spring had lately come, and its bland noons were one bitter glare, the purples and crimsons of its sunsets were sepulchral. He dwelled not far from Hyde Park, on the Bayswater side. He walked there, one exquisite May afternoon, and went back shivering.

That day appealed to him as terminal. He was living, but it wasn't life. How could he go on with it? His health was unimpaired. He fell asleep each night after an anguished hour, and then, with the coming of the sun, he would wake horrified by realizations. How to meet the day and bear the anticipated burdens of it, racked him with torture. A physician or two had prescribed, but there was really nothing to prescribe for. No medicinal science could do anything except deal in bromides, and what doctor, from Æsculapius down to the present date, could give him back Eugene, with the dove in her eyes, the fawn in her postures, the auburns of autumn in her heavy hair?

"I must kill myself to-night," he decided, that same afternoon. "I have the means, and I will." . . . Then came growling at him, as one might say, the wrath of insulted tradition. All his past arrayed itself against him in a bristling phalanx of prejudices and principles. . . . It was now, in a sort of desperation, that he thought of Dr. Trudeau.

"A charlatan," he whispered, half unconsciously, "who pretends, by some electric process, to destroy grief in the human spirit. . . . Well, I'll go to him—why not? He can't be more ineffectual than bromides. How to find his address? He never advertises any more. Did he ever advertise, by the way? Wasn't it merely some sarcastic paragraph about him that I chanced to see? But the name—Trudeau; I'm confident I recollect that. The directory may give it."

The directory brought Chalfont, an hour or so later, to a narrow, clean house in Brompton, facing on a narrow, dingy street there.

"Dr. Trudeau!" he found himself saying, as if to a pair of eyes.

The pair of eyes were opaquely black, penetrated by sparks which gave their observer an odd idea that they might conceal all the secrets of the universe. Dr. Trudeau appeared to have no more body than that of some abnormal mosquito. Never had Chalfont seen such physical thinness. In height, too, it was almost dwarfish. But the beautiful, mysterious eyes fascinated him.

"Yes, I am Dr. Trudeau. I see at once that you are in great wretchedness."

"You are right."

"And yet your physical health is in all respects good."

"Ah, you see that, too?" Chalfont asked, with involuntary skepticism.

"Perfectly."

"Whence," thought Dr. Trudeau's listener, "comes that rich, sweet, full-volumed voice? What region of so attenuated a body can contain it?" . . . Then, aloud: "Do you wish, doctor, that I shall tell you everything which concerns my reason for consulting you?"

"Everything."

For several minutes Chalfont spoke on, with head slightly bent.

"Ah . . . it is all plain, now." The words and manner were equally gentle. "Do you wish to be treated?"

"Yes."

"You speak carelessly. I understand. It is a forlorn hope. It is just as though you said, 'Nothing can save me from suicide, but still I will try you.' However, mark well what I state;" and here two fingers, white and tenuous, were laid on Chalfont's arm. "I have strong hope of you, and believe that I will bring you through."

"That is encouraging," said the other, with lifeless repose.

"You appear so physically well. There is a great deal in that. It is when one has to fight both mind and body that one feels hopeless about the battle. In your case I shall have to fight mind alone."

Soon he led the way into a second room, curtained off from the first, and plainly appointed, like its mate. Through a blue uncurtained window shone the wild, lovely, lingering blue of an English spring twilight. He motioned toward an armchair, into which Chalfont sank. The latter soon felt two hands lightly manipulating his hair. Then he became conscious that these same hands were also moistening it.

"You heard of me, I suppose," said the splendid, sonorous voice just behind him, "through those ridiculing articles printed some time ago?"

"You . . . er . . . do not advertise then?" said Chalfont, absently.

"Never. And my charges are nothing. Were you not aware of these facts?"

"No, really."

"They are facts, notwithstanding. I work solely in the cause of science. Perhaps if I were poor it would be different. Not that I am rich. But I have enough."

"You desire fame?"

"Frankly—yes. Recognition, though, is the fairer word. But above either, far above either, I place help to my suffering creatures." Here a long, slow sigh left the speaker. "I only wish life, even if not health, could be spared me! But I am very feeble, very feeble . . . as you must see."

Shortly after this Chalfont felt his head clasped by what seemed a tight-fitting metal cap. Crackling noises followed, like those of electric currents being turned into active flow. At the same time two spots on his head, scarcely larger than a sixpence, began to burn and thrill. These spots were equidistant from the top of the skull, and midway between that and either ear.

"The feeling is not specially an unpleasant one?" asked Dr. Trudeau.

"Rather pleasant, in fact."

"I will now somewhat increase the current. There . . . is that painful?"

"Not at all."

A little silence ensued, and then Dr. Trudeau continued. "My discovery, though practically complicated, is in theory simple. Every tiniest part of the brain-surface communicates with certain separate impulses and acts. You have told me of your sorrow and its cause. That is occasioned by what I call the uxorious brain-nerve. I shall now endeavor to deaden the extreme sensitiveness of this by stimulating the nerve of paternity. On returning home you will find that all apathy concerning your young son will have disappeared. Revived love for him will have become an object of living. The thought of self-destruction will have utterly passed from your spirit. . . . There; that will do for to-day. Come in three days' time, please, and let me know what has happened. Meanwhile I must tell you that I do not claim infallibility. And so I must exact from you a sacred promise that during these three days, no matter how strong is your wish to commit suicide, you will not carry it out."

Chalfont gave the promise, and afterward left the little Brompton house in a mood half skeptic, half impressed. Dinner waited him when he arrived home, and before the viands that composed it he sat in ruminative disregard. Presently to his butler he said that in five minutes or so he would like to have his son brought him. But he did not say it from any new feeling of fondness for Eugene. The old listless unconcern still abode in his heart. And yet the suicidal tendency had somehow departed. He smiled one minute at his imaginative folly; the next minute a kind of awe crept through his nerves. Finally, while trifling with his food far more than eating it, he told himself that this Dr. Trudeau's treatment had, after all, achieved one vivid effect.

Little Eugene came into the room with his governess, Miss Bookham. As the child sprang into his lap, Chalfont gave this lady a polite nod. He had always thought her a most responsible person, and so had his lost Eugene. But she had always seemed to him very dull, nevertheless, in a large, solid, blonde, bovine way. And yet he now immediately found himself taking great interest in her. Almost before he knew it, indeed, he had paid her a pretty compliment, at which a blush had mantled her somewhat puffy cheeks. He remembered her parents and her two sisters, who were people of humble place, living down in Warwickshire, and whom he had wholly forgotten since his wife's death. Concerning these he inquired, and with the most genial solicitude. . . . and a little later, as it befell, Miss Bookham, with sparkles in the dull blue agates of her eyes, was seated beside him at dessert, while little Eugene looked in solemn wonderment from his governess to his papa.

"I don't think he will see *any one*, sir; but I will take up your message."

"Thank you," said Chalfont, entering the small front drawing-room of the Brompton house just three days after his last visit there. Soon the servant returned and said, with a melancholy smile, that his master would see Mr. Chalfont.

"The doctor is then so very ill?" asked Chalfont.

"I've never known him so bad before, sir, and I've been with him now nearly seven years."

"What is the real trouble?"

"Just weakness. All the little strength he's got goes away. He couldn't walk across the room, sir, if a million pounds were waiting for him at the other end of it."

Dr. Trudeau certainly looked as if this were no falsehood when Chalfont, standing at his bedside, again confronted the burning splendors of his eyes. Perhaps the spectral face from which they shone was a trifle paler than before. Both hands, lying outside the coverlid, seemed like big, white curled spiders.

"Pray be seated," he said, after a long stare into Chalfont's face. Instantly the latter perceived that his rich voice was veiled, as it were, in a sort of husky film. "Now please tell me everything that has happened since we parted. I am ill in body, but not in mind."

Chalfont obeyed. When he had finished, Dr. Trudeau gave a long sigh, closing his eyes for several minutes, during which time he remained quite speechless. "I am astonished," he at length said, "by the news you have brought me. You no longer wish to do away with yourself, and yet you are still unmoved by any freshened sentiment for your son. Nevertheless you feel a sudden and deep desire for the constant companionship of this Miss . . . Miss . . ."

"Bookham," supplied Chalfont.

"Bookham . . . yes. And is it your intention to marry her?"

"Temptation," said Chalfont, coloring, "is the better word."

"Temptation—I see." Here an agitated groan escaped Dr. Trudeau. His cadaverous face could not grow whiter, but a vague spasm stirred it, leaving behind a sort of wild, pained calm.

"With all my years of study, and with all the self-security they have begotten, I find that I must, in your case, have forlornly blundered. I must have mistaken for the cerebral nerve of paternity the one of sexual affection—not of sexual passion, for that is situated in a totally different part of the brain. Miss Bookham, as it chanced, was the first woman to whom you spoke after leaving this house. She is not, as you tell me, altogether unprepossessing."

"Good heavens!" moaned poor Chalfont. "I think her quite lovely and lovable! But there's the point. I never thought her so before. And, of course, we English of a certain rank are all very much alike. Such a marriage would be thought—well, I'm a nephew of the Earl of Arrowdale . . . you will understand my general meaning. If your treatment could restore me . . . one doesn't want to appear snobbish, and that sort of

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thing. But—er—this nerve of sexual affection... couldn't it be deadened a little, or something like that?"

Pierced abruptly by a sense of the humor in what he was saying, Chalfont gave a dry, desperate little laugh. To his dismay, it was answered by a quick gasp from the bed. He stooped over Dr. Trudeau and saw that the poor, colorless, helpless man was in straits for breath.

Then he swept a glance about the chamber, and saw a bell. But before the peal that he sounded had brought assistance, Dr. Trudeau lay quite unconscious. An hour later, in the presence of a physician and two or three hastily summoned friends, he died. Chalfont remained until all was over, and then left the house pierced with a conviction that his own recent disclosures had perhaps hastened the end of this ill-fated and remarkable man.

It was by no means unpleasant for him to recollect, however, that there would still be time enough between then and dinner to take a stroll with Miss Bookham in the park.

"Nellie," said handsome and popular George Pritchard to his wife, one morning, a month or so later, "I suppose you've heard that Ralph Chalfont has married that Bookham woman, his boy's governess, after all?"

Lady Eleanor Pritchard gave her husband a sad nod. She was the daughter of the Earl of Arrowdale, and hence of near kin to Chalfont. She was one of the prettiest and smartest women in London society, and mistress of a charming home at Lancaster Gate.

"Yes, Jack, I've heard," she murmured. "I can never pardon Ralph—never! You know I was Eugenia's dearest friend. It seems to me that if he had married a *barmaid* with some real charm and intelligence in her, I might have forgiven him! But that dreary, flaccid, uncouth Bookham! That *she* should have taken the place of my delicate, spiritual Eugenia! Oh, it is too horrifying!"

Thus spoke Lady Eleanor, and thus, most probably, spoke the entire London *monde*. But neither, it should be added, had ever heard (save in the most casual and dubious way) of Dr. Trudeau's treatment.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE RIGHT TO WORK.

Laboring men, as a body, have rights, among which is that of self-protection, but last week they received a strong intimation that individuals also have rights that must not be ignored. A hoisting engineer, who for some reason was at disagreement with his union, was blacklisted in June, 1895, and afterward made complaint in the Supreme Court of New York that through statements made to employers by a delegate of his union he had been kept out of employment for some time. When the case came to trial the engineer was awarded five hundred dollars damages and Justice Beach asserted, regarding the man's persecution, the self-evident fact that "should such proceedings be tolerated, workmen, though competent and willing, would be unable to earn a living." As this case was regarded by the complainant's union and others as a test case, and was fought, as such, with great earnest-

ness, the decision should impart new sense and therefore new strength to all labor unions.

TOO MUCH MONEY.

One of the largest banks in Southern Indiana, with deposits amounting to almost half a million dollars, and with a surplus besides, is retiring from business for the sole reason that it cannot earn money enough to pay dividends that will satisfy its stockholders. In old times such a bank would hurry its superabundant money to New York, to be loaned here, but at present the interest on money is so low in New York, despite active demand, that there is nothing in it for country banks. This would seem the proper time for some of the Western States to organize new savings banks, first making their laws regulating such institutions as good as the savings banks law of New York or Massachusetts. Banks for savings can do business much cheaper than banks of exchange; they cannot be frightened out of existence by "runs," and they are the only loaning corporations that can afford to put a large proportion of their money into real estate, which is almost the only security that farmers can offer. Aside from its adaptiveness to the needs of a rural community, a county savings bank the stock of which is held by scores or hundreds of farmers would be an ideal school of finance such as almost any community needs.

MAN IN THE KITCHEN.

It is ideally consistent with the woman suffrage movement that the editor of the "Woman's Journal," of Boston, is endeavoring to find places for men who are competent to do kitchen work. As the said editor is a woman, it may be safe to remark that not only are men quite as able cooks as women, but that the best hotels and restaurants restrict themselves to male cooks. The lady who is endeavoring to put tyrant man in his proper place, which is under the thumb of woman, and at the humblest of household duties, complains that her principal hindrance is what she terms "the conservatism of women." I venture to offer the suggestion that she select some assistants from among women who have "kept house" on the Pacific coast and employed Chinese help; for it is common report that families whose cooking and household work have been done by John Chinaman do not willingly return to the servant-girl system of the effete East. Aside from all that, no woman can be really and fully "advanced" until she has had experience in ruling a man other than her own husband, and there is no place equal to the kitchen for experiments in the line of spirit-crushing.

THE DIGNITY OF IT.

What may come to the man who "goes out" to kitchen service is, of course, of comparatively small consequence, yet when this man's possibilities are considered he must appear a person of much consequence. A minister at the national capital recently announced that bad cooking will drive a man to drink, whereupon one of the city's newspapers hastened to the minister's support by saying that "the stomach seeks to supply by liquor the lack of support for which improperly cooked food is responsible. This is sound reasoning, and is much more to the point than blaming the drink habit upon the theory of original sin. Hygiene is closely associated with morals." All this will be echoed by the husbands of women who have bad cooks—especially such husbands as have no good restaurants within reach. It is one of the peculiarities of cooking that while many women will endure meals that drive men to profanity or drink, or both, all women take kindly to meals that satisfy their husbands. With men chained to the kitchen stove and women emancipated and holding office, the race may yet regain its supposed high mental and physical qualities.

BURY THE WIRES.

The wisdom and economy of putting wires underground instead of stringing them on poles have just been proved by a Colorado blizzard which has damaged telegraph, telephone and electric light wires and poles in Denver alone to the extent of forty thousand dollars, aside from the loss of business and the annoyance that ensued until the breaks could be repaired. The wires of the electric lighting system had to be cut near the dynamo-house to prevent fires at unexpected places through crossed wires. The manager of the local telephone company declared that outside of the business district, where the wires were already underground, the telephone system of Denver was annihilated.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS

THE CHICAGO HORSE SHOW.

Chicago, during the week from November 1 to 6, will pay magnificent homage to the horse. In this, as in everything, the Western metropolis has planned an exhibition of splendid and extraordinary proportions. The prizes offered are of great value, aggregating over forty thousand dollars, and the entry list includes famous horses from Maine to California. A feature is to be made of the hunting classes, and many prominent Eastern horse-owners have sent their "timber-toppers" to compete for the coveted "blue." Our front page shows a spirited sketch of an erratic performer in the Green Hunters' class, where refusals are frequent and rails rapped hard.—(See page 1.)

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VIEWS ABOUT CHICAGO.

That the picturesque is not so markedly absent from the Lake Side City as is popularly supposed, may be seen on page 4, where our artist depicts not a few aspects of Chicago that might well be the subject of Pennell's pencil or Philpott's pen. Marvelous, indeed, have been the changes wrought by the last few years. Unsignificance has given way to splendor, the barrenness of brick to the beauties of marble. Vistas, too, have opened, and verdure spread its softening mantle. Everywhere Architecture has reared a classic head, upon which the eyes of the stranger may rest in esthetic peace.

OUR FOREIGN NEWS.

1. The great sporting event of the year in New Zealand, known as the Grand National Meeting, was held at Canterbury during the month of August. The principal feature this year was a Steeplechase Handicap of three and a half miles, the stakes being six hundred and fifty sovereigns. Levanter, ridden by J. Rae, won it, in one of the closest finishes on record, beating Mutiny by a little over a head. The time was seven minutes, twenty-eight and three-fifths seconds.

2. The development of military strategy has brought the railroad brigade into prominence. The efficiency of the troops in this line of service in the German army is supposed to be greater than that of any other military power. There are three battalions in all, composed of a staff and three companies, and all are connected with the Bavarian division. The men are thoroughly trained in the work of constructing and operating railroads, and furnish a most important branch to the army.

3. The death of Sir John Gilbert, at the ripe age of eighty, removes a conspicuous figure from the world of art. Although at the time of his death he was president of the Royal Academy, Gilbert was a self-taught artist. When only nineteen years of age he exhibited at the Society of British Artists. Two years later he was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. He achieved distinction as a painter in oils as well as executing fine work in water-colors. The wider field, however, which he filled with such distinction was as an illustrator in black and white, he being for many years on the staff of the "Illustrated London News," "Punch,"

and other papers. He was also one of the most popular illustrators of books in London. He was knighted, in 1872, for his picture entitled "The Queen Inspecting the Coldstream Guards in the Hall of Buckingham Palace." He will rank with Cruikshank in the line of illustrative art.

4. One of the newest games likely to develop into a fashionable fad is Bicycle Polo. It has already been placed on the list of games at the Crystal Palace, and a game was played recently at Sheen House, near London, on a ground seventy yards broad by one hundred wide, a golf "putter" being used in place of the light croquet mallet employed in ordinary polo, and a lawn-tennis ball substituted for the polo ball.

5. "On the Threshold" is a graphic presentation by Paul Rénouard of a scene in a Paris church. Here, from a city full of contrasts, the artist has chosen a most effective scene. The meeting of Life and Death, Joy and Sorrow, Youth and Age, preserves its perennial mystery, however often Art may ring its changes.—(See page 5.)

A RAILROAD DISASTER.

One of the most dreadful catastrophes of modern times occurred early last Sunday morning on the New York Central Railroad. A passenger train, known as the "Buffalo Special," was derailed at a distance of forty-eight miles from New York, on the main track, between Garrison's and Highlands. The train consisted of nine cars bound for New York, and by some unaccountable means was precipitated into the Hudson River. It was running at a speed of forty miles an hour, and left Albany at 3.15 A.M., with about one hundred passengers aboard. It was after six o'clock that the accident happened. Without a moment's warning the passengers were awakened to find themselves in an almost inextricable position. Three Wagner cars were included in the make-up of the train. They were crashed together, and the living passengers in them escaped by climbing from the windows. Lights were procured and the work of rescue commenced, those who had been miracu-

lously saved aiding the ones still entombed. They were promptly assisted by the local residents and authorities, surgeons being sent for also from the New York hospitals. The cause of the disaster is unknown. Various theories have been advanced, but it will be difficult to decide what was the exact reason of the disaster. The idea that dynamite was used has been suggested, but is regarded as too improbable. The roadbed gave way, which, directly, seemed to be the cause of the accident; but whether that was due to faults of construction in it, to a loose rail, or to a broken axle, must be determined when the engine is dug out of the river, if at all.—(See double page.)

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(This Serial will be completed in four installments, of which this is the third.)

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LAWRENCE CLAVERING.

By A. E. W. MASON.

CHAPTER XL—(CONTINUED.)

"It is my daughter Dorothy," said Mr. Curwen, with a smile. "In talking of our youngest martyr I had forgotten her," and he took a step toward the door. But at his first movement the youngest martyr—Heaven save the mark!—had risen from his chair with a foolish abruptness.

"Nay, Mr. Curwen," he cried in disorder, and then he stopped; for the truth is, he shrank in very shame from standing face to face with the singer of that song.

"But," and I seized the first excuse, "I have this long while been wandering on the fells and am in no way fitted for the company of ladies. Your servant, even, would have no truck with me, and I think you, too, were taken aback." I looked down at my garments as I spoke.

"My servant," he began, and he looked toward the other door through which I had entered with a timorous air, as though he would fain see whether or no she was listening on the far side of it. "Mary Tyson," he said, lowering his voice, "is a strange and unaccountable person. A good servant, but—" and very wisely he tapped his forehead. "For myself," he continued, his voice softening with a great wistfulness, "it was something very different from the stains of your journey that gave me pause. Lord Derwentwater may have told you that I had once a son. He was much of your height and figure, and the room is dim and old men are fanciful."

I bowed my head, for whenever he made mention of his misfortunes he spoke with so brave and simple a dignity that any word of sympathy became the merest impertinence. For a moment he stood looking down at me and revolving some question in his mind.

"Yes!" said he, and more to himself than to me, "I will speak to her and give her the order. Why should I not?" He walked slowly half-way to the bell and stopped. "Yes," he repeated, "I will speak to her," and with a word of excuse to me and a certain bracing of his shoulders, he went out of the room. I had no doubt that it was with Mary Tyson that he wished to speak. I remained, half hoping, half afraid, that the chords of the spinet would wake to the touch again and the voice again ring out, sprinkling its melody through the room like so much perfume from a philter. But there was no recurrence of the music; I walked idly to the table and my eyes fell upon that great tome in which Mr. Curwen had been so absorbed at the moment of my interruption. In wonderment I bent more closely over it. I had expected to see some laborious monument of philosophy gemmed with unintelligible terms. Unintelligible terms there were, in truth, but not of the philosopher's kind. They were curious old terms of chivalry.

I remembered how Mr. Curwen had hesitated over the mention of his books, and I took the lamp from the table and glanced about the book-shelves. The books were all of a-piece with that great folio on the table—romances, and histories of crusades, and such-like matters. I wondered whether "Don Quixote de la Mancha" had found a place among them, and, with an impertinent smile, I began to glance along the letterings in search of it; but very soon I stopped, and stood staring at a couple of volumes which faced me and bore upon their backs the title of "The Morte D'Arthur." I set the lamp again upon the table. The old man was right, I thought sadly. There was in that room philosophy which it would indeed profit me to study.

Mr. Curwen returned rubbing his long, delicate hands one against the other in a flush of triumph. "I have given orders," he said, and with a gentle accent of conscious pride he repeated the phrase, "I have given orders, Mr. Clavering. You will sleep in my boy's room, and since you are, as I say, very like to him in size—" But his voice trembled, and he turned away and lifted the lamp from the table. "I will show you the room," he said.

I followed him into the hall, up the staircase, and down a long passage to the very end of the house.

A door stood open. Mr. Curwen led me through it. It was warmly furnished, and hung with curtains of a dark green, while a newly lighted fire was crackling on the hearth. A couple of candles were burning on the mantel-piece and Mary Tyson was arranging some clothes upon the bed. She took no notice of me whatever as I entered, being busy with the bed, as I thought.

"You can go, Mary," said Mr. Curwen, with a timid friendliness plainly intended to appease. Mary sniffed for an answer, and, as she turned to go, I saw that she had been crying.

"She was Harry's nurse, poor woman!" explained Mr. Curwen. "You must forgive her, Mr. Clavering;" and then, "He died at Malplaquet."

He crossed over to the bed and stood looking down at it silently in a very fixed attitude. Then he took up from it a white silk stocking. I approached him, and saw that a suit of white satin was neatly folded upon the white counterpane. "It is a fortunate thing," he

said, with a smile all the more sad for its effort at cheerfulness, "that you and he are alike," and he drew the stocking slowly through his fingers. "He died at Malplaquet, and Marlborough—the Marlborough of Malplaquet—spoke to him as he died." His voice broke on the words, and, laying the stocking down, he turned toward a Japan toilet with a "Even a father has no right to ask for more than that." But Harry's shoe-buckles were laid upon the chintz coverlid and he took them in his hands one after the other, repeating "He died at Malplaquet. I have given you this room," he said, "for a reason. See! These two windows point down the valley, and are set high above the ground. But this"—and he crossed over to a smaller window set in the wall near the fireplace—"this looks on to the hillside, and, since the ground rises against the house, a man may drop from it and come to no harm. To the left are the stables, or what serves us for stables. We lock no door sat Applegarth, Mr. Clavering, fearing no robbers. You will find a horse in the stables should there be need for you to flee."

It was some while after Mr. Curwen had left me before I could make up my mind to don these clothes. I might be like to what Harry Curwen was in size and figure, but there the likeness ended and the sharpest contrast in the world set in. I unfolded the suit and spread it out upon the bed. The coat was of white velvet, the waistcoat and buckles of white satin, and all richly laced with an embroidery of silver. A fragrant scent of lavender, which breathed from the dress, coupled with its freshness as of a suit worn but once or twice and so laid aside, lent an added sadness to the thought of young Harry Curwen. I imagined him stripping off these fine clothes in a fumbling excitement one night, in this very room, kicking from his feet those lacquered shoes there, with their soles and red heels upturned now to the fire for the guest who was so like him! I imagined him pulling on his boots and riding off from Applegarth with I know not what martial visions in his eyes, and hardly a glance, maybe, for the old man and the sister standing in the light of the porch, to join his troop and perish on the plains of Flanders. Well he had died at Malplaquet, and the great Marlborough—not the huckstering time-server whom we knew—the Marlborough of Malplaquet had spoken to him as he lay a-dying, and no father had a right to look for more than that. I picked up the stockings and drew them through my fingers as the father had done. At that, however, I bethought me that the father and his daughter were awaiting me downstairs, and so dressed in a hurry, and, combing out my peruke to such neatness as I could, I got me down into the hall.

Supper was already laid out in the dining-room and Mr. Curwen waiting. In a little I heard a light step upon the stair and the rustle of a dress. Instinctively I turned my face toward the window-curtains, my back to the door. I heard the door open, but I did not hear it shut again.

"Mr. Clavering," said the old man.

I was forced to turn. His daughter stood in the doorway, her lips parted, her eyes startled.

"Mr. Clavering, my daughter Dorothy."

I bowed to her. She drew in her breath, then advanced to me frankly and held out her hand.

"My father told me you were like—" she said; "but, since your back was turned, I almost thought I saw him."

I took the hand by the finger-tips. "He was very dear to you?"

"Very."

"Miss Curwen," said I gravely, "I would with all my heart that you had seen him and that I had died in his place at Malplaquet."

Her face clouded for an instant and she drew her hand quickly away, taking my speech, no doubt, for nothing more than an awkward and ill-timed compliment. But compliment it was not, being indeed the truth and summary of my recent thoughts quickened into speech against my will. She was of a slender figure, with a rosebud face delicate as her father's. Her hair was drawn simply back from a broad white forehead, and in color was nut-brown, gleaming where it took the light as though powdered with gold dust. She was dressed in the simplest gown of white—set off here and there with a warm ribbon. But I took little note of her dress, beyond remarking that no other could so well become her. From the pure oval of her face her eyes big and gray looked out at me, each like a quiet pool with a lantern lighted somewhere in its depths, and she seemed to me her voice incarnate. She was unlike to her father in the proportion of her height, for she was not tall; and like to him again in a certain willfulness which the set of her lips betokened, and again unlike in the masterful firmness of her rounded chin; so that she could put off and on, with the quickest change of humors, the gravity of a woman and the sunny petulance of a child.

"It is our homely fashion," said Mr. Curwen, "to wait upon ourselves," and we sat down to the table. It was a fashion, however, which the guest, much to his discomfort, was not that night allowed to follow. For father and daughter alike joined to show him courtesy. The daughter would have waited on me even as Lady Derwentwater had done, and began, like her, to fill my glass. But this time I could not permit it. "Madam,"

I cried hoarsely, "you must not. Your kindness hurts me."

"Hurts you?" she asked, and from her tone I knew it was she who was hurt.

"You do not know. If you did, your kindness would turn to the bitterest contempt." I spoke without thought and barely with knowledge of what I said, but in a passion of self-reproach.

"Mr. Clavering," she replied, very gently, "you are overwrought, and I do not wonder. Else would you know that it must honor any woman to serve any man who has so served his king."

I dropped my head into my hands. My very soul rose against this praise. "If I had served my king," I exclaimed, in a despairing remorse, "I should have been in France this many a week back!"

"France!" repeated Mr. Curwen, suddenly looking up. "You take the delay too much to heart. For it need be nothing more than a delay, and a brief one besides." He spoke with some significance in his tone. "Lord Derwentwater mentioned in his letter that he would discover a means to set you across in France, but perhaps"—and his voice became almost sly—"perhaps we may find a more expeditious way." He checked himself abruptly, like one who has said too much, and shot a timid glance toward his daughter. I noticed that her face grew a trifle grave, but she did not explain or comment on his words, and Mr. Curwen diverted his talk to indifferent topics. I fear me that I must have proved the dullest auditor, for I gave little heed to what he said, my thoughts being occupied in quite another fashion. For since his daughter sat over against me at the table, since each time that I lifted my eyes they must needs encounter hers, since each time that she spoke the mere sound of her voice was as a stern rebuke, I fell from depth to depth of shame and humiliation. I was sheltering there under the same roof with her, to all seeming an honorable refugee, in very truth an impostor, and bound, moreover, to continue in this imposition. The very clothes which I was wearing forced the truth upon me. I had, indeed, but one thought wherewith to comfort me, and though the comfort was of the coldest, I yet clung to it as my only solace. The thought was this: that I had already determined, at whatsoever cost to me, whether of liberty or life, to repair, so far as a man could, the consequence of my misdoing. It was not that I took any credit from the resolve—I was not, thank God, so far fallen as that!—but what comforted me was that I had come to the resolve up there on the hillside between Brandreth and Grey Knotts, before I had descended into Ennerdale, before I had set foot within Applegarth—before, in a word, I had heard Dorothy Curwen sing or looked into her eyes. I did not explain to myself the comfort which the thought gave me; I was merely sensible of it. "It was before," I said to myself, and over and over again I gladly repeated the thought. However, a word which Mr. Curwen spoke finally aroused my attention, for he made mention of the garden of Blackladies. I suppose that I must by some movement have shown my distaste for the subject, and

"You do not admire it?" he said.

"It is very quaint and ingenious, no doubt," I replied, "but the ingenuity there seems misplaced."

Miss Curwen nodded. "It is like a fine French ribbon on a homespun gown," said she.

I remembered on the instant something which Lord Derwentwater had said to me concerning Dorothy Curwen. "You know Blackladies?" I inquired, and perhaps with some anxiety.

"Very well," said she, with a smile of amusement.

"So I thought," said I.

"Yes," she continued, "my father was very familiar with Sir John Rookley," and her eyes rested quietly upon mine.

"A hard man, people said, Mr. Clavering," interrupted Mr. Curwen, "but a just man and to my liking. If he was hard, God knows he had enough in Jervas to make him so."

I glanced at the daughter. She was regarding the beams which roofed the room with supreme unconsciousness, but the very moment that I looked at her she dropped her eyes to the level of mine.

"You lack something, Mr. Clavering?" said she, with great politeness.

"Indeed!" said my host, rising from his chair in the excess of his hospitality.

"Indeed, sir, no! I beg of you!" I replied, in confusion, and Dorothy Curwen laughed.

"A strange man was Jervas Rookley," continued Mr. Curwen; and there could be no doubt whatever about the sincerity of his unconsciousness. "He came warped from his cradle. But you will have heard of him, I doubt not, more than we know, though at one time he honored us not infrequently with his company. But that was before I knew of his transgression in the matter of the wad-mines."

"Oh!" said I, "I thought that that was not generally known."

"Nor is it!" replied Mr. Curwen. "I had the story from Sir John's lips. He was a very just man, and since Jervas came to visit me frequently he thought that I ought to know."

Again my eyes went to the daughter's face. But this time she was already looking at me.

"I am sure, Mr. Clavering, that you need something," said she, very anxiously.

"Indeed, no!" I replied in confusion. And she smiled with the pleasantest air of contentment in the world.

Mr. Curwen did not, on this occasion, rise to satisfy my imaginary needs, but remained absorbed in thought. "I suppose," he said dreamily, "that Jervas Rookley was a fairy's changeling."

I started at the words; they were not spoken in jest. I looked at him; he was seriously revolving the question in his mind.

"What do you think?" he asked of me. His daughter bent forward across the table with something of appeal in her eyes.

"The theory," said I, "would most easily explain him," and the appeal in her eyes changed to gratitude.

This was not the only strange remark he made to me that night, for he accompanied me up to my bedroom and closed the door carefully behind him.

"By this time you should have been in France?" he asked, lowering his voice.

"Yes," said I, doubtfully. For, since his Most Christian Majesty was at death's door and all thought of a rising abandoned for the moment, there was no longer any call for me to hurry to Lorraine with the information I had gathered, while, on the other hand, there was the greatest need that I should remain in England, since, once out of England, I was powerless even to attempt anything toward Anthony Herbert's liberation.

"I spoke at supper," he continued in a yet more secret voice, "of a more expeditious way than Lord Derwentwater's." He glanced around him and came nearer to me. "It was no idle boast," he said, with a little chuckle; "but I have a ship," and he nodded in a sort of childish guilefulness. "I have a ship." He went tip-toeing to the door, as already he had stayed too long. "Snug's the word," he whispered, with a finger on his lip, and, in the sweetest tone of encouragement, again: "I have a ship." And so he went gently from the room and descended the stairs.

His manner no less than his words somewhat bewildered me. I thought it an unlikely thing that he should possess a ship, seeing that he had made no concealment of his poverty, and that, if indeed he did, his ship would be a very unlikely thing for a man to put to sea in. But in this I made a great mistake, since his ship not merely existed, but had a very considerable share in the issue from those misfortunes which were so soon to befall us. At the time, however, I was not greatly troubled with the matter one way or the other; for, while Mr. Curwen had been speaking, I had been standing at the open window. The slope of the hillside was in front of me, a corner of the stable-roof was just visible to my left; but most clearly of all I saw, as in a vision, the picture of a woman seated in a lonely lodging at Keswick, with a crumpled paper spread before her, whereon was scribbled one single line: "He is not dead." I shall not be particular to account for the reason why that vision should now of a sudden stand fixed within my sight, though I could give a very definite opinion concerning it. I will only state that it was there, so vivid and distinct that I could read the paper she so sadly fingered; and, reading it, the one line written thereon called for a supplement and explanation.

I opened the door and hurried quietly along the passage. I heard Mr. Curwen's step in the hall below, and, holding my candle in my hand, leaned over the balusters. "Mr. Curwen," I said, in a breathless whisper, "you told me of a horse which stood ready in your stables should my safety call for it?"

"Yes," said he, looking up at me.

"There is the greatest need in the world that I should make use of your kindness this night. It is a need that imperils my safety, but my honor is concerned, or, rather, that poor remnant of my honor which I have left to me. When I fled from Blackladies, there remained something to be done, and to be done by me, and it remains undone. Some small part of the omission I may haply repair to-night."

He answered me, as I knew he would, with all the strangeness gone from his manner and replaced with a kindly gravity. He was the truest of gentlemen, with all a gentleman's simple code of faith. "Mr. Clavering," he said, "so long as you are my guest I am the trustee of your safety. But there are things of greater value than a man's safety, of which you have mentioned one. I shall look to seeing you in the morning."

He asked no questions; that word "honor" was enough for him; it stamped my purpose, in his eyes, with a holy seal. He came up the stairs toward me and shook me by the hand, and so passed on to his own chamber.

CHAPTER XII.

I RETURN TO KESWICK.

I WENT back to my own room, changed my dress, and, carrying my boots in one hand and my candle in the other, went softly down the stairs. By the clock in the hall I could see that it was five minutes after ten o'clock. I drew on my boots in the porch, saddled the horse by the candlelight, led it past the house along a strip of grass, and, when I thought the sound of its hoofs would be no longer heard, I mounted and rode up the pathway. The sky was clouded, but the valleys clear of mist. I could have wished for no better night for my purpose except in one respect. I mean that now and again a silver brilliancy would be diffused through the air, making the night vaguely luminous. And, looking up, I would see a patch of cloud, very thin, very bright, and behind that cloud I knew the moon was sailing. Toward the head of Gillerthwaite the track turned northward over a pass they call the Scarf Gap, and thence westward again past Buttermere Lake to Buttermere village. At the point where the hill descends steeply from the lake I dismounted. I could see the scattered village beneath me. It slept without a sound, nor was there a light to be seen in any window. But nonetheless I dreaded to ride through it; its very quietude frightened me. I dreaded the lively echoes which the beat of my horse's shoes would send ringing about the silent cottages. I descended, therefore, on foot, leading my horse cautiously by the bridle, and in a little I came to a gateway upon the right, which gave on to a field. I crossed the field, and several others

which adjoined it, and finally came out again upon the track beyond the village where it climbs upward to Buttermere House. From the further side of the house I had a clear road of six miles down Newlands Valley to Portinscale, and I spurred my horse to a gallop. Once or twice the clouds rifted and the moon shone out full, so that I rode in a tremor of alarm, twisting every shadow that fell across my path from rock or tree into the shadow of a sentinel. But the clouds closed up again, and canopied me in a gracious obscurity as I drew near to Keswick.

I tied my horse in a thicket of trees half a mile from the town and slunk from house to house in the shadow. Never before or since have I known such fear as I knew that night in Keswick, so urgent had the necessity that I must keep free become with me during these last hours since I had climbed from Brandreth down to Applegarth. If the wind drove the leaves of the trees fluttering up the roadway, I covered against the wall and trembled. If a dog barked from a farmhouse in the distance, I stood, with my heart fainting in my breast, listening—listening for the rhythmic tread of soldiers; and when I saw on the opposite side of the street some yards above me a light glimmering in a window, I stopped altogether in two minds whether or no to turn back. I looked irresolutely up and down the street. It was so dark, so still; only that one steady light burned in a window. The melancholy voice of a watchman, a couple of streets away, chanted out, "One o'clock and a dull cloudy morning." The phrase was repeated and repeated in a dwindling tone. I waited until it had died away, and afterward. But the light burned wakeful, persistent, a little heart of fire in a body of darkness. I felt that I dared not pass it. Some one watched beside that lamp, with eyes fixed on the yellow path it traced across the road. My fears fed upon themselves and swelled into a panic. I turned and took a step or two down the hill, and it was precisely that movement which brought me to my senses and revealed to me the cowardice of the action. For if I dared not pass that lamp, still less dared I return to Applegarth with the night's work undone. I retraced my steps very slowly until I came opposite to the window, and then, so great was the revulsion of my feeling, that I reeled back against the wall, my heart jerking, my whole strength gone from me. For there at the window beside the lamp, her face buried in her hands, was the woman I had come to seek. I might have known, I thought! For who else should be watching at this lone hour in Keswick if not this woman? I might have guessed from the position of the house in the street. It was a beacon which I had seen, this glimmering lamp, and I had taken it for no more than a wrecker's light.

I looked about me. The street was deserted from end to end. I crossed it, and, picking up a pebble, flung it lightly at the window. The pebble cracked against the pane—how loudly, to my impatient ears! Mrs. Herbert raised her head from her hands. I sent a second pebble to follow the first. She opened the sash, but so noisily, I thought!

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Hush!" said I.

She leaned forward over the side of the window and peered into the darkness. "You!" she whispered, in a tone of wonderment, and, again, with a shiver of repulsion—"You!"

"Let me in!" said I.

She made a movement to close the window. "You close the window on your hopes," I said. "Let me in." "You bring news of—of Anthony?" she asked, with a catch in her voice.

"The smallest budget," said I, "but a promise of more." And, as she still remained undecided, "If I am captured here to-night there will be no news at all."

"Captured?" she began; and, breaking off hurriedly, came down the stairs and opened the door.

I followed her up into the room and drew the curtains across the window. She stood by the table in the full light of the lamp, her eyelids red, her eyes lusterless, her face worn—the very gloss seemed to have faded off her hair.

"How you have suffered!" I said, and again faltered the words, "How you have suffered!"

"And you?" she asked, with a glance toward me, and nodded her head as though answering the question. "I said that payment would be made," she remarked simply. "It is beginning."

"My servant brought a note to you?"

"Yes. Was it true? I did not believe that it was true." She spoke in a dull voice. "He came yesterday night, after the soldiers had been here."

"The soldiers!" I cried, lifting my voice. The sound of it warned me; I realized that I was standing between the lamp and the window, and that if any one should pass down the street it was my figure which would be seen. I crossed over to get behind the chair. "Do you sit there!" said I, pointing to her former seat. She obeyed me like a child. "So the soldiers came here?"

"Twice."

"When?"

"The first time that evening—I was not here—we were in the garden of Blackladies. They searched the house and took his papers away."

"His papers!" said I. I looked over to that box in which the medal had been locked. The lid was shut. I crossed to it and tried it. The lid lifted, the lock was broken and the medal gone.

"The second time they came," said Mrs. Herbert, "was the afternoon of the next day."

"That would be a few hours after I had escaped. They searched the house again?"

"Yes. For you."

"For me?" I exclaimed, and her eyes flashed out at me.

"For whom else should they come to search here, in my lodging?"

My eyes fell from her face. "But did they question you?" I continued. "What did they ask? For perchance I may find help in that."

But Mrs. Herbert had relapsed into her dull insensibility. "They questioned me without end," she answered wearily, "but I forget the questions. It was all concerning you; not a word about Anthony, and I forget."

"Oh, but think!" I exclaimed, and I heard the

watchman crying the hour in the distance. I stopped, listening. The cry grew louder. The man was coming down the street. This window alone was lighted up, and once already the soldiers had been here to search for me. I heard the watchman's footsteps grow separate and distinct. I heard the rattle of his lantern as it swung in his hand; and beneath the window he stopped. I counted the seconds. In a little I found myself choking, and realized that in the greatness of my anxiety I was holding my breath. Then the man moved, and, it seemed to me, nearer to the wall of the house. A new fear burst in on me.

"You left the door below unlocked?" I whispered to Mrs. Herbert. She nodded a reply. What if he opened that door and came stumbling up the stairs? What if he found the door not merely unlatched but open, and roused the house? To be sure, he would have no warrant in his pocket. But for her sake, for the sake of that tiny chance I clung to with so despairing a grip—that perhaps—perhaps I might restore to her her husband—no rumor must go out that I or any man had been there this night. I crept to the door of the room and laid my hand upon the handle. What I should do I did not think. I was trying to remember whether I had closed the door behind me, and all my faculties were engrossed in the effort. I was still busy upon that profitless task when I heard—with what relief!—his footsteps sound again upon the stones, his voice again take up its melancholy cry. "Quick!" said I, turning again to Mrs. Herbert. "Madam, help me in this matter, if you can. Think! The officer put to you questions concerning me?"

"Oh!" she cried, waking from her lethargy, "I cannot help you. You must save yourself, as best you may. I do not remember what they said. It was of you they spoke, and not at all of Anthony."

"It is just for your husband's sake," I said, "that I implore you to remember." And she looked at me blankly. "God!" I exclaimed, taking the thought. "You believe that I journeyed hither to you in your loneliness, at this hour, to plague you with questions for my safety's sake!" and I paused, staring at her.

"Well," she replied, in an even voice, "is the belief so strange?" There was no sarcasm in the question, and hardly any curiosity. It was the mere natural utterance of a natural thought. My eyes, I know, fell from her face to the floor.

"Madam," I replied slowly, "when I set out to-night I thought that the cup of my humiliation was already full. You prove to me that my thought was wrong. I remained for you very fitly to fill it to the brim," and again I lifted my eyes to her. "I had no purposes of my own to serve in riding hither. I know the charge against myself to its last letter. It is the charge against your husband brings me here. Neither do I know whether he has been taken. Yet these two things I must know and I came to you on the chance that you might help me."

I saw her face change as she listened. She leaned forward on her elbows, her chin propped upon her hands, her eyes losing indifference. A spark of hope kindled in the depths of them, and when I had ended she remained silent for a little, as though fearing to quench that spark by the utterance of any words. At last she asked in almost a timid voice: "But why—why would you know?" and she bent still further forward with parted lips, breathless for the answer.

"Why?" I answered. "Forgive me! I should have told you that before, but like a fool I put the questions first. They are foremost in my thoughts, you see, being the means and as yet unsolved. The end is so clear to me that I forgot it in looking for the road which leads to it. I believe that Mr. Herbert has been seized on the ground that he shares my—treason, let us call it, for so our judges will. Of that charge I know him innocent, and maybe can prove him so. And if I can be sure of this, I will."

"But how can you?" she interrupted.

"If I know the charge, if I know whether he has been taken, the place of his trial, then it may be that I can serve him. But until I know, I am like one striking at random in the dark. Suppose I go to meet the sheriff and give myself up, not knowing these things, I shall be laid by the heels and no good done. They may have taken him to London. He may be in prison for months for lack of evidence to convict him. Meanwhile I should be tried; and they would not need Mr. Herbert's evidence to secure a verdict against me."

"You would give yourself up?" she asked.

"But I must know the place, I must know the charge. It would avail your husband little without that knowledge. They would keep me in prison, cozening me with excuses, however urgently I might plead for him. It is enough that a man should be suspected of favoring King James. To such they dispense convictions; they make no pother about justice."

"But," said she, "it would mean your life."

"Have you not said yourself that payment must be made?"

"Yes, but by us," she said, stretching out a hand eagerly. "Not by you alone."

"Madam," said I, "you will have your share in it, for you will have to wait—to wait here with such patience as you can command, ignorant of the issue until the issue is reached. God knows, but I think you have the harder part of it." We stood for a little looking into each other's eyes, sealing our compact. "Now," I continued, "think! Was any word said which we could shape into a clue? Was any name mentioned? Was your husband's name linked with mine? Oh, think, and think quickly!"

She sat with her face covered by her hands while I stood anxiously before her. "I do not remember," she said, drawing her hands apart and shaking them in a helpless gesture. "It all happened so long ago."

"It happened only yesterday," I urged.

"I know, I know!" she said, with the utmost weariness. All that light of hope had died from her eyes as quickly as it had brightened them. "But I measure by a calendar of pain. It is so long ago I do not remember. I do not even remember how I returned here."

There was no hint plainly to be gained from her, and I had stayed too long as it was. I took up my hat. "You will stay here?" I asked. "I do not say that you will hear from me soon, but I must needs know where you are."

"I will stay here," she replied. She almost stretched out her hand and drew it in again. "Good-by."

I went to the door. She followed me with the lamp and held it over the balusters of the landing. "Nay," said I, "there is no need for that."

"The staircase," said she, "is very dark."

As I came out from the houses at the bottom of the hill I heard again the watchman's voice behind me bawling out the hour. It was half-past one, and a cloudy morning it may be, but the clouds were lighter in the north, as I remarked with some anxiety. I was still riding along Newlands Valley when the morning began to break. As I reached the summit of Buttermere Hanse I looked backward over my shoulder. The sky in the northeast was a fiery glow—safron, orange, and red were mingled there—and right across the medley of colors lay black, angry strips of cloud. The blaze of a fire it seemed to me, seen through prison bars. It was daylight when I passed by Buttermere, sunlight as I rode down Gillerthwaite. The sweet stillness of the morning renewed my blood. The bracken bloomed upon the hillsides, here a rusty brown, there in the shadow a blackish purple, and then again gold where the sunlight kissed it. Below me, by the water's side, I could see the blue tiles of Applegarth. And as I looked about me the fever of my thoughts died, they took a new and unfamiliar quietude from the stable quietude of the hills. I felt as if something of their patience, something of their strength was entering into me. My memories went back again to the Superior's study in the college at Paris; and in my heart of hearts I knew that the Superior was wrong. The mountains have their message, I think, for whose will lead an ear to them, and that morning they seemed to speak to me with a unanimous voice. If God wills, I thought, I can repair this wrong. It seemed to me an assured and simple truth, assured and simple like those peaks in the clear air, and, like them, pointing skyward, and the Superior's theory no more substantial than a cloud which may gather upon the peaks and hide them for a little from the eyes.

I rode down, therefore, in a calmer spirit than I had known for some long time. The difficulties which beset my path did not for the moment trouble me. That my journey that night had in no way lightened them I did not consider. I felt that the occasion would of a surety come; only I must be ready to grasp it.

I had passed no one on the road. I had seen, indeed, no sign of life at all beyond the sudden rush of a flock of sheep, as though in an unaccountable panic, up the hillside of the Pillar Mountain, while I was as yet in the narrow part of Gillerthwaite. I had reason, therefore, to think that I had escaped all notice and, leading the horse back to the stable with the same precautions I had used on setting out, I let myself in at the door and got quietly to bed.

CHAPTER XIII. DOROTHY CURWEN.

I WAS at the breakfast-table, you may be sure, that morning no later than my host and his daughter. Mr. Curwen greeted me with an evident relief, but neither then nor afterward did he ever refer to the journey I had taken during the night. On the contrary, his talk was all of Paris and France, plying me with many questions concerning the French generals—the Duc de Vendôme, Maréchal Villars, the Duc de Noailles and the rest, which I was at some loss to answer. Often and often would he return to the subject during the days which followed with something of a boyish zest and enthusiasm. He had never been in France, he informed me, yet would tell me many stories concerning the court and the magnificence of Versailles, and the great hunting parties at Meudon when Monsieur was alive, with so much detail that but for a certain extravagance, as of one whose curiosity through much feeding upon itself has grown fantastic, I could not but have believed that he had himself been present at their enactment. And then he would light his pipe and look across this quiet Ennerdale water to the rugged slopes beyond with a sigh, and so get him back to his romances. He was no less curious concerning Lorraine and the little court at Bar-le-Duc, and when I told him that I had myself had speech with the King, his enthusiasm rose to excitement.

"Oh!" he cried, starting up, "you have seen him, you have heard his voice speaking to you, as you hear mine now," and all at once I acquired a new honor in his eyes. "Mr. Clavering, you have something to compensate you for your outlawry."

"Yes," I replied, "he spoke to me and with the sweetest kindness."

"And the King was hopeful, was positive in his hopes?"

"Very."

"That is right," he continued, walking about the room and smiling to himself. "That is right. So a strong man should be."

"And so weak men are," said I, rather sadly; for I recalled all that Lord Bolingbroke had told me.

"Mr. Clavering," said the old gentleman, suddenly pausing in his walk, "you are the last man who should say that. You have lost all that a man holds dear and are you not hopeful?"

I bowed my head to the rebuke. It was indeed well-timed and just, though for a very different reason than that which had inspired Mr. Curwen to utter it. "I was so," said I humbly, "so lately as this morning. Nay," and I rose to my feet, "I am so still. Besides," I continued, reverting to the King, "he has Lord Bolingbroke to help him, and I set great store on that."

"Bolingbroke!" said Mr. Curwen, and seldom have I seen a man's face change so suddenly. A flame of anger kindled in his eyes and blazed across his face, shriveling all the gentleness which made its home there. "Bolingbroke?" he cried wildly, "a knave! a debauched, villainous knave! God help the man, be he king or serf, that takes his counsel! Look you, Mr. Clavering, a very dishonest, treacherous knave!" and he wagged his head at me. I was astonished at the outburst, since the Jacobites were wont to look with some deference toward Lord Bolingbroke.

"He is my kinsman," I said meekly, "and a very good friend to me;" and, while Mr. Curwen was still

hemming and hawing in some confusion, his daughter came into the room, and, gazing at his troubled face with some anxiety, put an end to the talk.

This was by no means, however, the last I was to hear of the matter, and, in truth, Lord Bolingbroke, through merely arousing Mr. Curwen's indignation, was to prove a much better friend to me than ever I had looked for. For, when we were again alone together: "I regret the words I spoke to you," he said, a little stiffly and with considerable effort in the apology. "I did not know Lord Bolingbroke was your kinsman;" and then, in a rush of sincerity, "But far more than the words I regret your relationship with the man."

I began to make such defense of my kinsman as I could, pointing to his industry and declaring how his services had always been thwarted by his colleagues while he was in power. "And what of the Catalans?" I asked doubtfully.

"Why, this," he returned. "We instigated them to war, we made them our allies against Philip of Spain by the promise of restoring them their ancient liberties. They fought with us, spilled their blood on the strength of that promise, and then Lord Bolingbroke patched up his Peace of Utrecht and not a word in it from end to end about their liberties. They continue the war alone, and he finds nothing better to do than to sneer at their obstinacy. They still continue, and he is ready to send an English force to help in their destruction." His voice increased in vehemence with every word he spoke, so that I feared each moment another outburst against my kinsman. It may be that he feared it, too, for he checked himself with some abruptness, and it was his daughter who revived the subject, later on during that same day.

It was after dinner. I had taken a book with me and climbed up to the orchard behind the house. But little I read in the book. The sun had set behind the hills, but the brightness of that morning lingered in my thoughts. I was, as Mr. Curwen had said, hopeful, though with no great reason; and being, besides, weary with the fatigue I had undergone, fell into a restful state between sleep and waking. With half-closed eyes I saw Dorothy Curwen come from the back of the house and talk for a little with Mary Tyson. Then she mounted toward the orchard. I watched her, marked the lightness of her step, the supple carriage of her figure, the delicate poise of her head, and then rose from the grass and went forward to meet her.

"Mr. Clavering," she began, very decidedly and paused in some difficulty. Then she stamped her foot with a little imperious movement. "You talk too much of France and Paris and the great world to my father. You will not do so any more." She spoke with the prettiest air of command imaginable, the while she looked up at me; and it was the air I smiled at, not the command.

"No!" she said. "I mean it. You will not do so any more," and she colored a little and spoke with a yet stronger emphasis.

"Madam," said I, with a bow, "since you wish it—" "I do wish it, Mr. Clavering," she interrupted me.

"I did not think that—" I began.

"No," says she, "you are very young and impudent. I have noticed that already." And with great stateliness and dignity she walked for ten yards down the hillside. Then she began to hum a tune, and laughed as though mightily pleased with herself, and her stately walk changed to a dance. A few yards further on she sat down in the bracken, with her back toward me, and began plucking at the grasses. I remained where she had left me, quite content to watch from that distance the coils of hair nestling about her head and to hearken to the rippling music of her song. But after a little she turned her head, with a glance across her shoulder toward me, and so back again very quickly. I went down to her.

"The lecture is not ended?" said I gravely.

She gave a start and looked at me as though my presence there was the last thing she expected, or, indeed, wished for. Then in an instant her whole manner changed.

"I will tell you the truth of it," she said. "Something you will perhaps have guessed already, the rest you would discover did I not tell you." I sat down by her side and she continued, choosing her words: "My father is not altogether—strong—and these stories do no good." Then she stopped. "It is more difficult to tell you than I thought."

"There is no need," said I, "that you should say another word."

"Thank you," said she, very gratefully, and for a little we were silent.

"Has he spoken to you of a ship?" she asked slowly, and I started. "Ah! he thinks it is a secret from us. But we know, for he sold the land not so long ago wherewith to buy it. He is the noblest man in the world," she continued hurriedly. "The thought of any one suffering touches him to the quick, the thought of oppression kindles him to anger; and he will do his part, and more than his part, in relieving the one and fighting against the other. So that unless Mary and I did what we could he would not possess to-day so much as a farthing."

"I understand," said I, "Mary's welcome to me yesterday."

She looked at me with a smile. "Yes," said she, "but your looks warranted her. The ship was to be fitted out to help the Catalans. It lies at Whitehaven now. He was there but a few days ago."

"He spoke of it to me," said I, "with some hint that he might put me across to France."

"But you will not go?" she said, turning to me quickly. "Any day the country may rise and every arm will be needed—I mean every young arm."

I shook my head. "The French king is dying, maybe is dead, and without his help will the country rise? Besides, so long as I stay here I endanger you." I spoke reluctantly enough; for, though I had no intention whatever to seek a refuge in France, I felt that if once Mr. Curwen definitely promised to send me thither I could not remain at Applegarth at however small a risk to him and his. I must needs accept the offer, and betake me again to the hillsides, in which case there was little probability that I should be able to effect anything toward Anthony Herbert's enlargement before I was captured myself.

"There is no danger to us," she said. "For some while since we persuaded my father to take no active share in the plans. There will be no danger"—and she stopped for a second—"if you will put out your candle when next you leave it in the stables."

"My candle?" I stammered, taken aback by her words. "I left it burning?"

"Last night," said she.

"I beg your pardon."

"There is very great reason that you should," she said, with a laugh. "For I must needs hurry on my clothes and put it out. As I said, you are very impudent, Mr. Clavering," and with that she tripped down to the house, leaving me not so much concerned with what she had hinted about her father as with my own immediate need to secure the knowledge I was after quickly, and avert, by my departure, the smallest risk from Applegarth.

I was on that account the more relieved when, late upon the third night afterward, Tash knocked at the door and brought me a letter from Lord Derwentwater. I opened it eagerly and read it through. It told me much which is common knowledge now, as that the Earl of Mar had summoned his friends in Scotland to meet him at Aboyne on the 27th under the pretext of a great hunting-party; that the mughouse riots in London were daily increasing in number and violence; but that with the French king so near to his dissolution, and the precautions of the English government in bringing over Dutch troops and thronging the Channel with its ships, Lord Bolingbroke was all for delay. "But God knows," he added, "whether delay is any possible use, and I fear for the event. We have many of the nobles on our side, but the body of our countrymen—no. It will be like a game of chess in which one side plays without pawns. We have Bishops and Knights and Castles, but no pawns."

There was more of the same kind, and I glanced through it hurriedly until I came to that of which I was more particularly in search.

"The sheriff came with his posse to Lord's Island early in the morning, so that it was well you left during the night. He is still after you. I passed him yesterday near Braithwaite, so it behooves you to be wary. I do not think, however, he has wounded you as yet, and as soon as I can discover an occasion I will have you sent over the water. But, being myself under the cloud of their suspicions, I have to step very deliberately. Your cousin Jervas Rookley lives openly under his own name at Blackladies and receives visits from the Whig attorney; and since he can only be staying there with the suzerainty of the government, you may be certain what I told you is true. By the way, Mr. Anthony Herbert, the painter, disappeared on the same day, or thereabout, that you did. It is rumored that he has been arrested, but nothing certain is known. But if the rumor is true I greatly fear that he owes his arrest to his acquaintanceship with you and myself. I suspect Mr. Rookley's finger in the pie. Since he was playing false with the government concerning you, he would most likely be anxious to give them an earnest of loyalty in some other matter. But I do not know."

So far I read and clapped the letter down with a bang. For here was the fellow to my own suspicion. I sat down and finished the letter. There was but another line to it: "I got my information about Rookley from an oldish man who came secretly here from Blackladies. He seemed in some doubt as to which of yourself or your cousin he should call master, but he was very insistent that I should let you know of his coming. I had, indeed, some difficulty in comprehending him, for now he wished me to style him 'Aron' to you and now 'Ashlock.' Altogether, I thought it wiser to give him no news as to your whereabouts. This, however, is certain from what he said to me: There is a watch set about Blackladies on the chance that you might return."

This last sentence troubled me exceedingly. For it had been growing in my mind that there was but one person who could tell me fully what I needed to know, and that person Mr. Jervas Rookley; and a vague purpose was gradually taking shape within me that I would once more make use of Mr. Curwen's stables, and, riding one night round by Newlands Valley and Keswick, seek to take Mr. Rookley by surprise and wrest the truth from him. That project the letter seemed to strike dead. Accordingly I took the occasion to write to Lord Derwentwater and implored him, if by any means he could, to inform himself more particularly of Anthony Herbert's arrest and whether he had been taken. "For upon these two points," said I, "hangs not my safety but my soul's salvation," and so hurried Tash off before the poor man was half way through his supper, and waited impatiently for an answer.

Now during this period of waiting, since each time that I found myself alone with Mr. Curwen his talk would wander back inquisitively to the French court, discovering there a luster which no doubt it had and a chivalry which it no less certainly lacked, I began of a set purpose to avoid him; and, avoiding him, was thrown the more into the company of Miss Dorothy. Moreover, the frankness with which she had hinted to me the weakness of her father, brought about a closer intimacy between us as of friend and friend rather than as of hostess and guest. It was as though Mary Tyson and she were continually building up out of their love a fence around the father; and she had joined me in the work. Many a time when I was on the hillside behind the house I would be startled by the sight of a horse and the flash of a redcoat upon the horse's back, only to find my heart drumming yet the faster when I perceived that it was Miss Dorothy Curwen in her red crinoline riding-habit. Maybe I would be standing no great distance from the house, and she would see me and come up the grass while I went down toward her, her hair straying about her ears and forehead in the sweetest disorder and her cheeks wind-whipped to the rosiest pink. On the wet days, which were by no means infrequent, she would sit at her spinet and sing, such old songs as that I had listened to on the first night of my coming. If the evenings were fine, we would sometimes row out upon Ennerdale water, in a crazy battered boat, so that I was more often bailing out the leakage in a tin pannikin we took with us than pulling at the oars. And on afternoons, when the sunlight fell through the leaves like great spots of a gold rain, we

would climb up to the orchard, and I would spread an old cloak for her upon the grass, and we would sit among the crabbed trunks of trees. But at all times—in the dusk when she sang and the rain whipped the panes, at night when we rowed across the moonlit lake as across a silver mirror in the hush of a world asleep—at all times a feverish impatience would seize on me for an answer to my letter and a shadow would darken across our talk, so that thereafter I sat mum and glooming and heard little that was said to me. It was not, indeed, the shadow of the gallows, but rather of the fear lest while I lingered here at Applegarth chance might thwart me of the gallows. For the girl's presence was to me as a perpetual accusation. Upon one such occasion, when we were together in the orchard, she looked at me once or twice curiously.

"For one so impudent," said she, a trifle petulantly, "you are extraordinarily solemn."

"There are creatures," said I, with a weariful shake of the head, "who are by nature solemn."

"True," says she placidly, "but even they hoot at night," and she looked across the valley with extreme unconsciousness. But I noticed that her mouth dimpled at the corners as if she was very pleased.

"I know," said I remorsefully, "that I make the dullest of companions." She nodded her head in cordial agreement.

"Perhaps you cannot help it," says she, with great sympathy.

"The truth is," I exclaimed sharply, "I have overmuch to make me solemn."

"No doubt," and the sympathy deepened in her voice, "and I am sure every one must pity you. There was a king once who never smiled again. I am sure every one pitied him, too."

"He only lost a son," I replied foolishly, meaning thereby that honor was a thing of more worth.

"And you an estate," says she. "It is indeed very true," and she clasped her hands and shook her head.

"Madam," I returned, with some dignity, "you put words into my mouth that I had no thought of using. It was not of a mere estate that I was speaking."

"No?" says she reflectively. "Could it be a heart, then? Dear, dear! this is very tragical."

"No," I said, very quickly, and on the instant fell to stammering; "no, no, no."

"The word gains little force from repetition. In fact, I have heard that two noes make a yes."

"Madam," said I stiffly, getting to my feet, "you persist in misunderstanding me," and I moved a step or two apart from her.

"I do not know," she said demurely, "that you use any great effort to prevent the mistake."

That I felt to be true. I wondered for a moment whether she had not a right to know, and I turned back to her. She was sitting with her head cocked on one side and glancing whimsically toward me from the tail of her eye. The glance became, on the instant, the blankest of uninterested looks. I plumped down again on the grass. "That evening," I began, "when I left the candle burning in the stables I rode into Keswick. There was something I should have done before I came hither," and I stumbled over the words. She took me up immediately, with a haughty indifference and her chin very high in the air.

"Nay, I have no desire to pry into your secrets—not the least in the world."

"Oh," said I, "I fancied you were curious."

"Curious?" she exclaimed, with a flash of her eyes. "Curious, indeed! And why should I be curious about your concerns, if you please?" and she spoke the word again, with a laugh of scorn, "Curious!"

Said I: "The word gains no force from repetition." Dorothy Curwen gasped with indignation. "A very witty and polite rejoinder, upon my word!" she said slowly, and began to repeat that remark, too, but broke off at the second word. For a little we were silent. Then she plucked a reed of grass and bit it pensively.

"No!" she said indifferently, "since my father has lived quietly at Applegarth I have lost my interest in politics."

"It was no question of politics at all!" I exclaimed; and,

"Oh!" she exclaimed, swinging round to me with all her indifference gone.

"No," I went on, but reluctantly, for I was no longer sure that I ought to tell her, and quibbled accordingly. "There was some one in Keswick for whom I had news which would not wait."

"News of your escape?" she interposed, with a certain constraint in her voice.

"Partly that," I replied; and continued, "and from whom I most heartily desired news."

She sat for a moment with her face averted, and very still. "And what is she like?" she asked of a sudden. The question startled me so that I jumped and stared at her open-mouthed. But by the time I had fashioned an answer she had no longer any need for it. For "No, no!" she exclaimed, "I have no wish to hear," and she fell unaccountably to talking of Jervas Rookley, at first in something of a flurry and afterward in a tone as though she found great comfort in the thought of him. "He is not so black as he is painted," was the burden of her speech, and she played many variations on the tune. Now, I had in my pocket a certain letter from Lord Derwentwater which was a clear disproof of her words, and, to speak the truth, her manner stung me. For whatever part of my misfortunes I did not owe to myself that I owed to Mr. Jervas Rookley. "And I never could bring myself to believe that story of the bad-mines," she said. "Never! Ah, poor man! What will he be doing now? It is a thought which often troubles me, Mr. Clavering. Doubtless he is somewhere tossed upon the sea. It is a very noble life, a sailor's. There is no nobler, is there?" and she asked the question as if she had no doubt whatever but that I should agree with her.

"I know nothing of that," I replied, in some heat; "but as for the bad-mines, I know that story to be true, for I have seen the shaft." She shook her head at me with an air of disappointment. It seemed she thought I was slandering the man after slipping into his shoes. I whipped the letter out of my pocket and thrust it before her. "There, madam, then!" I exclaimed. "The thought of Mr. Rookley need no longer trouble you. I am glad, indeed, to have the opportunity of disposing

of your trouble. It will be the one moment's satisfaction the man has given me. He is nowhere tossed upon the sea in that noblest of all lives, as you will be able to perceive for yourself if you will glance through this letter, but, on the contrary, sitting quietly in an arm-chair in whatever room at Blackladies pleases him best."

"I am not so short of sight," she observed sedately, "that I need the paper to be rubbed against my nose."

She took it and read it through once and a second time. I told her the story of my dealings with Mr. Rookley from the moment of his coming to me at the Jesuit college in Paris to the morning when I fled from Blackladies; and so much of his dealings with me as I was familiar with. It was, in fact, much the same story that I had told to my Lord and Lady Derwentwater, and contained little mention of Mr. Herbert, and no mention whatsoever of his wife. For I found that the whole account of my proceedings since I had come to England fell very naturally into two halves, each of which, to all seeming, was in itself complete. She heard me out to the end, and then in a low, penitent voice, for which it seemed to me there was no occasion:

"I knew nothing of this," she said, "or I would never so much as have uttered Mr. Rookley's name. I could not know. You will bear me out in this; I could not know," and she turned to me with the sweetest appeal in her gray eyes and a hand timidly outstretched.

"Indeed," said I earnestly, "I will. You could not know, and I can well believe Mr. Jervas Rookley's conduct was very different to you." With that I took her hand, and again took it gingerly by the finger-tips. Thereupon she snatched it away, and got quickly to her feet.

"And for whom?" she began, and stopped while she very deliberately fastened a button of her glove, which was already buttoned.

"For whom—what?" said I.

"It is no matter," she said carelessly; and then, "For whom was the picture intended?" and, as though she was half-ashamed of the question, she ran lightly down the hillside without waiting for an answer.

"For no one," I cried out after her. "It was intended to hang in the great hall of Blackladies." But she descended into the house and I—I passed through the orchard and up the hillside behind it, and over the crest of the fell until ridge upon ridge opened out beneath the overarching sky, and the valleys between them became so many furrows drawn by a giant's plow. And coming into that great space and solitude where no tree waved, no living thing moved, no human sound was heard, I dropped upon the ground, pressing a throbbing face down among the cool bracken and twining my fingers about the roots of ferns. It was the blackest hour that had ever till then befallen me; mercifully I could not know that it was but a foretaste of others yet blacker which were to follow. Something very new and strange was stirring within me; I loved her. The truth was out that afternoon. I think it was her questioning which taught it me. For it brought Mrs. Herbert into my thoughts, and so I learned this truth by the bitterest of all comparisons. I saw the two faces side by side, and then the one vanished and the other remained. Here, I thought, was my life just beginning to take some soul of meaning, here was its usual drab-a-flush with that rosy light as of all the sunrises and all the sunsets which had ever brightened across the world—and I must give it up, and through my own fault. There was the hardest part of the business—through my own fault! The knowledge stung and ached at my heart intolerably. There was nothing heroic in the reparation which I purposed; there was no laying down of one's life at the feet of one's mistress with a blithe heart and even a gratitude for the occasion, such as I had read of in Mr. Curwen's romances—and how easy that seemed to me at this moment!—it was the more necessary payment for a sordid act of shame.

It was drawing toward night when I rose to my feet and came down the mountain side to Applegarth, and, as the outcome of my torturing reflections, one conviction fixed very clearly in my mind before I had gained an added impulsion. I must needs hasten on this reparation. It was not, I am certain, the fear that delay in the fulfillment would weaken my purpose which any longer spurred me. But of those two faces which had made my comparison, one, as I say, had vanished from my thoughts; the other now occupied them altogether, and it seemed to me that if by any chance I missed the opportunity of atonement I should be doing the owner of that face an irreparable wrong.

Miss Dorothy Curwen came late from her room to supper, and the moment she entered the parlor where Mr. Curwen and I were waiting, it appeared that something had gone amiss with her, and that we were in consequence to suffer. Her face was pale and tired, her eyes hostile, and asperity was figured in the tight curve of her lips. From the crown of her head to the toe-tips she was panopied in aggression, so that the very ribbons seemed to bristle on her dress. It was plain, too, that she did but wait her opportunity. Mr. Curwen provided it by a question as to her looks and a suggestion that her health was disordered.

"No wonder," says she; and, "Not a doubt of it." She snatched the occasion with both hands, as it were, and said, I think, more than she intended. "I am much troubled by an owl that keeps me from my proper sleep."

"An owl?" asked Mr. Curwen, with an innocent sympathy.

"An owl?" I asked, in a sudden heat.

Her eyes met mine very cold and blank. "O-w-l," she answered, spelling the word deliberately.

I could not think what had caused this sudden change in her.

"But, my dear," said Mr. Curwen, in perplexity, "are you certain you have made no mistake?"

"Oh, no, sir, there will be no mistake," says I indignantly, or ever she could open her lips. But indeed I do not know whether in any case she would have opened them or not; for her face was like a mask.

"But I did not know there was an owl at Applegarth," says he.

"He is a newcomer," says I; "but you may take my word for it there is an owl at Applegarth—a tedious solemn owl."

Miss Dorothy nodded her head quietly at each epithet, and her action much increased my anger.

"Then you have heard it, Mr. Clavering?" says Mr. Curwen; and,

"Indeed I have!" I cried, in a greater heat than ever; for I noticed a certain contentment begin to steal over the girl's face at each fresh evidence of my rage. "Indeed I have, under the eaves at my bedroom window."

"But, my dear Mr. Clavering," expostulated Mr. Curwen, "what sort of an owl is it?"

"A very uncommon owl," said I.

"Oh dear, no, not at all!" said Miss Curwen stonily, with a lift of her eyebrows.

"Well, we will have him out to-morrow," says the father.

"No, sir, to-night," says I; "this very night."

Dorothy gave a start and looked at me with a trace of anxiety.

"Yes," I repeated significantly, wagging my head in a fury, "to-night—no later!"

"Oh, but I like owls!" cried she of a sudden.

"That can hardly be," I insisted, looking hard at her, "since they keep you awake o' nights."

At that she colored, and dropped her eyes from my face. "Perhaps I exaggerated," she said weakly, and sat smoothing the tablecloth on each side of her with her fingers. She glanced up at me. I was still looking at her. She glanced from me to her father. He was waiting for her answer, utterly at a loss. "But I like owls," she said again, in a queer little, high-pitched, plaintive voice; and somehow I began to laugh, and in a moment she was laughing, too. "You make too much of the trouble," said she.

"We will have him out to-morrow," said Mr. Curwen, and again she laughed, but with something of mischief, so that, though for that night there the matter dropped, I suspected she had devised some plan by which I was to suffer a penalty for her present discomfiture. And that suspicion I found to be true no later than the next morning. For, while we were yet at breakfast, Mr. Curwen returned to the subject, and was for sending out Mary Tyson to fetch in one of the shepherds in order to oust the bird.

"Yes, indeed!" cries Dorothy, with a delighted little clap of the hands and a quick, meaning glance at Mary Tyson. The shepherds were all on the hillside, not one of them was within reach, said Mary, with suspicious promptitude.

"But we have a ladder," said Dorothy, speaking at me, and her eyes sparkling and dancing. I made as though I had not heard the suggestion.

"Then I will myself haul him out," said Mr. Curwen, with a ready eagerness to make proof of his activity.

"Father, that cannot be," says she. "It would put us to shame. Rather I will take it in hand," and again she looked at me.

There was nothing for it. "It is a duty which naturally falls to me," said I, without the best grace in the world.

"Mary," said she, "we cannot admit of duties in our guests. It must be a pleasure to you before we allow you to undertake it."

"Then it will be a pleasure," I agreed lamely; and, "We will endeavor to make it one," she replied, with a malicious nod of the head. I tried, you may be sure, to defer this chase for an owl which I knew did not exist, and hoped by talking very volubly upon other topics to drive the thought of it from their minds, and to that end lingered over my breakfast, even after the rest had for some while finished. But the moment we did rise from the table, "There is no time like the present," hinted Dorothy plainly, and Mr. Curwen warmly seconding her—for he began to show something of excitement like a child when some new distraction is offered to it—I fetched the ladder from an outhouse and reared it against the wall of Applegarth at a spot she pointed out close to my window. Accordingly I mounted, the while Mr. Curwen and his daughter remained at the foot, he quite elated, she very sedate and serious. But no sooner had I reached the topmost rungs than Dorothy discovers the nest a good twenty feet away; and I must needs descend, like the merest fool, shift the ladder and mount again. And when once more I was at the top she discovers it at a third place, and so on through the morning. I know not how many times I ran up and down that accursed ladder, but my knees ached until I thought they would break. Once or twice I stopped, as if I would have no more of it, whereupon she covered me with the tenderest apologies and regrets.

"But it is a farce," said I, laughing in spite of myself.

"Of course you are very tired," said she reproachfully. "It is a sin that I should put you to so much trouble," and she pops her foot upon the lowest rung of the ladder. So there was no other course but up I must go again, until at last she was satisfied, and I beaten with fatigue.

"It is a strange thing," said Mr. Curwen, scratching his forehead, "that we cannot discover it."

"I fancy Mr. Clavering was right," says she, with a bubble of delight, "and it is a very uncommon owl," and I was allowed to carry the ladder back to the outhouse.

CHAPTER XIV.

I DROP THE CLOAK.

THE lesson, however, was lost on me; or, rather, to speak by the book, had the very reverse effect to that it aimed at. For my solemnity was increased thereby. I reflected that Dorothy would never have played this trick upon an enemy or even upon an unconsidered acquaintance, but only upon one whom she thought of as a friend. And there was the trouble. I held her in that reverence that it irked me intolerably to masquerade to her, though the masquerading was to my present advantage in her esteem. I had, of course, no thought that even I could win her, since I saw myself hourly either doomed to the gallows, or, if I failed of that, to a more disgraceful existence. But I was fain that she should know me through and through for no better than I was; and so I wore her friendship as a stolen cloak.

Now a thief, if the cloak galls him, may restore it

That I could not do without telling her the whole story; and the story I could not tell, since it was not I alone whose honor was concerned in it, but a woman with me. Or the thief may drop the cloak by the roadside without a word and get him into the night. Over that alternative I pondered a long, dreary while.

But while I was yet tossed amid these perplexities news came to hand which quite turned the current of my thoughts. It was the eighteenth day of September, and Mr. Curwen, I remember, had left Applegarth early that morning on horseback, and though it was now past nightfall had not yet returned; the which was causing both his daughter and myself no small uneasiness at the very time when Tash rapped upon the door. I mind me that I stood in the hall staring in front of me, holding the open letter in my hand. It seemed that I saw the lock fall from a door and the door opening on an unimagined dawn.

"What is it?" cried Dorothy, and for a second she laid a gentle hand upon my arm.

"It is," I exclaimed, drawing in a breath—"it is that the Earl of Mar—the Duke, God bless him! for now one may give him his proper title—has raised King James's standard at Kirkmichael in Braemar."

Dorothy gave a cry of delight and I joined in with it. For if the Duke did but descend into England, if England did but rise to welcome him—why, there would be the briefest imprisonment for those lying under charge, whether true or false, of conspiring for King James.

Through the open doorway came the tramp of a horse.

"My father!" said Dorothy.

I crammed the letter into my pocket without a glance at its conclusion, and ran down the pathway to the gate. As I opened the gate Mr. Curwen rode up to it.

"I am glad to have this chance of speaking to you alone," said he; "I have been to-day to Whitehaven. My ship, the 'Swallow,' is fitting out. I have given orders that the work should be hurried, and the crew shipped with the least delay. The 'Swallow' will sail the first moment possible, and lie off Ravensglass until you come. It is an arduous journey from here to Ravensglass, but safe."

A farm servant came up and led away the horse. "The 'Swallow' should be at Ravensglass in six weeks from to-day," he continued.

"But, sir," said I in a whisper, though I felt an impulse to cry the news out, "there will be no need, I trust, for the 'Swallow.' There is the grandest news to tell you," and I informed him of the contents of my letter.

Mr. Curwen said never a word to me, but dropped upon his knees in the pathway. "God save the King!" he cried, in a quivering voice, and the fervor of it startled me. His hands were clasped and lifted up before him, and by the starlight I saw that there were tears upon his cheek. Then he stood up again, and mopped his face with his handkerchief, leaning against the palings of the garden fence. "Mr. Clavering, I could add with a full heart, 'Now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace,' but that there is work even for an arm as old and feeble as mine." At that he stopped, and asked in a very different tone of trepidation: "Does Mary Tyson know?"

"Miss Dorothy does."

"Ah! of course, of course," he said, with resignation. "It is all one," and he walked slowly up the path. At the door he turned to me and set a hand on my shoulder. "There is work, Mr. Clavering, for the feeblest arm?" he asked wistfully.

Now all my instincts urged me to say "Yes," but, on the other hand, I remembered certain orders which had been given to me in a very decided voice, so that I stood silent. With a sorrowful shake of the head Mr. Curwen passed through the door.

"Maybe you are right," said he disconsolately, and then, "but the question is worth proving;" this, bracing his shoulders and making a cut in the air with an imaginary saber. However, Mary Tyson bustled forward to help him off with his greatcoat, and scolded all the boldness out of him in the space of a minute, drawing such a picture of the anxiety into which his early outgoing and late homecoming had thrown the household as melted him to humility.

"It was to do me a service," said I, interposing myself.

"And the more shame to you," says she bluntly; "white hairs must wait on young legs!" and off she flung to the kitchen.

It was not until the following morning that Dorothy made allusion to his absence.

"I went on business to Whitehaven," said he, with a prodigious wink at me which twisted the whole side of his face. His daughter could not but have observed it. "Though the business might have waited," and he added hurriedly, "However, I bring a message for you, my dear; for I chanced to meet old Mr. Aislabie in the street and he sent his love to Miss Cherry-cheeks."

"Cherry-cheeks!" cried she indignantly, "Cherry-cheeks! How dare he? Just a bumpkin, a fat country milkmaid, he takes me for."

"My dear," said Mr. Curwen, with the gentlest spice of railery, "you certainly deserve the charming title now."

She said no more concerning the journey to Whitehaven, being much occupied with her indignation. Once or twice I heard her mutter "Cherry-cheeks" to herself, but with a tone as though her tongue was too delicate for the gross epithet; and she sailed in to dinner that day with her hair all piled and built on the top of her head under a little cap of lace, and a great hoop petticoat of silk, and the funniest little shoes of green and gold brocade, with wonderful big paste buckles and the highest heels that ever I saw. Nor was that the whole of her protest. For, though as a rule she was of a healthy, sensible appetite, now she would only toy with her meat, protesting that she could not eat a bit.

"I have no doubt," says I, "but what you are troubled with the vapors," and got a haughty glance of contempt for my pains. And after dinner what does she do but sit in great state in the drawing-room, with her little feet daintily crossed upon a velvet cushion, fanning herself languidly and talking of the

latest French gowns, as the "Newsletter" represented them, and the staleness of matrimony, and suchlike fashionable matters.

"But no doubt," says she, with a shrug of the shoulders and a pretty voice of insolence, "Mr. Clavering will marry"—she paused for a second—"and what will the wife be like?"

I was taken aback by the question, and, from looking on her face, I looked to the ground, or, rather, to the velvet cushion by which I happened to be sitting. It was for that reason that, not knowing clearly what I should say, I answered absently: "She must have a foot."

"I suppose so," she replied; "and why not two?"

"Yes!" I continued slowly, "she must certainly have a foot."

"And maybe a head, with eyes and a mouth to it," says she; "or does not your modesty ask so much?"

"I wonder you can walk on them at all," said I. The heels were popped on the instant demurely under the hoop petticoat.

"Owl," she said, in a very soft low voice, addressing the word in a sort of general way to the four walls of the room.

"Miss Cherry-cheeks," said I, in as near the same tone as I could manage.

She rose immediately, the very figure of stateliness and dignity, swam out of the room without so much as a word or a nod, and, I must suppose, went hungry to bed; for we saw no more of her that night.

For the next few days, as may be guessed, we lived in a great excitement and stress of expectation at Applegarth. Mr. Curwen would get him to his horse early of the morning, now rather encouraged thereto than dissuaded, and ride hither and thither about the country-side, the while his daughter and I bided impatiently for his return. I cannot say, however, that the information which he gleaned was a comfort to compensate us for the impatience of our waiting. From Scotland, indeed, the news was good. We heard that the Earl of Mar was gathering his forces at the market-town of Moulin in the Shire, and that the sixty men who proclaimed King James at Kirkmichael were now swelled to a thousand. But of England—or, rather, of those parts which lay about us—it was ever the same disheartening story that he carried back—a story of messengers buzzing backward and forward betwixt a poor handful of landlords, and, for the rest, of men going quietly about their daily work. Once or twice, indeed, he returned uplifted with a rumor that the towns of Lancashire were only waiting for the Scottish army to march into England before they mounted the White Cockade; on another occasion he satisfied us with a fairy-tale that the insurgents had but to appear before the walls and Newcastle would forthwith open its gates, and at such times the old panels of the parlor would ring with laughter, as doubtless they had rung in the old days after Atherton Moor, and I would sit with a heart unworthily lightened by a thought that I might escape the payment which was due. But for the most part I had ever in my mind Lord Derwentwater's word about the pawns, and those yet earlier forebodings of my kinsman, Bolingbroke. It seemed to me, indeed, that in this very rising of the Earl of Mar's I had a proof of the accuracy of his forecasts. For he had sent word that the rebellion would be deferred—and here were the orders reversed behind his back. Moreover, we heard of the French king's death upon September 1.

In this way, then, a week went by. On the evening of the seventh, being the 25th September, I was leaning my elbows on the gate of the little garden, when I heard a heavy step behind me on the gravel. I turned, and there was Mary Tyson. It seemed to me that she was barring the path.

"Good evening, Mary," said I, as pleasantly as possible.

"I am wishing for the day," said she, "when I can say the same to you, Mr. Clavering."

"And why for?" said I, in astonishment. "It is no doing of mine that Mr. Curwen rides loose about the country-side."

"It is not of the father I am thinking," she interrupted, and I felt as though she had struck me.

"What do you mean?" I asked shortly.

"I know," she said, "this is no way for a rough old serving-body to speak to the likes of you. But see, sir," and her voice took on a curiously gentle and pleading tone, "I remember when she couldn't clinch her fist round one of my fingers. It's milk of mine, too, that has fed her, and it's honey to my heart to think she owes some of her sunshine to it. I've seen her here at Applegarth grow from baby to child, and from child to woman. Yes, woman, woman," she repeated; "perhaps you forget that."

"No, indeed," said I, perplexed as to what she would be at, "it was the first thought I had of her."

"Then the more I love to you," she cried, and speech rushed out of her like a passion. "What is that you're seeking of her—you that's hunted with a price on your head? What is it? What is it?" and she stretched out her great arms on either side of her as though to make a barrier against myself. "Ah! if I were sure it would bring no harm on her you should have the soldiers on your heels to-morrow. Many and many's the time I've been tempted to it, when I've spied you in the orchard or on the lake. I have been sore tempted to it—sore tempted! What is it you want of her? It's the brother's clothes you are wearing, but is it the brother's heart beneath them?"

"Good God, woman!" I cried, dumfounded by her words. She stood in the dusk before me, her grotesque figure dignified out of all knowledge by the greatness of her love for Dorothy. The very audacity of her words was a convincing evidence to me, and at the sight of her the anger died out of my heart. If she accused me unjustly, why it was to protect Dorothy, and that made amends for all. Nay, I could almost thank her for the accusation, and I answered very humbly: "I am like to get little good in my life, but may I get less when that is done if ever I had a thought which could disparage her."

"And how will I be sure of that?" asked Mary Tyson.

"Because I love her," said I.

An older man would have made, and a more experienced woman would have preferred, perhaps a different answer. But I suppose she gauged it by the depth of

her own affection. It struck root in a responsive soil.

"Ay, and how could you help it!" she cried, with a little note of triumph in her voice. But the voice in an instant deadened with anxiety. "You will have told her?"

"Not a syllable," says I. "I am, as you say, a man with a price on his head. I may be mated with an ax, but it is the only mate that I can come by."

She drew a deep breath of relief; and, hearing it, I laughed, but with no merriment at my heart. She took a step forward on the instant. "Well, and I am sorry," said she, "for you are not so ill-looking a lad in the brother's clothes." It was a whimsical reason, but given in a voice of some tenderness. "Not so ill-looking," she repeated, and at that her alarm re-awakened. "But there's a danger in that," she cries. "Miss Dorothy has lived here alone, with but a rare visitor once or twice in the twelve months. Maybe you speak to her in the same voice you use to me."

"Nay," I interposed, and this time my laugh rang sound enough, "Miss Curwen treats me with friendliness, a jesting friendliness, which is the very preclusion of love."

She bent forward a little, peering at me. "Well, it may be," said she, "though I would never trust a boy's judgment on anything, let alone a woman." Dorothy's voice called her from the house. She looked over her shoulder, and went on lowering her tone. "Look," said she, "these bowlders here," and she pointed up to the darkening hillside. "They are landmarks to our shepherds in the mist. But when the snow lies deep in winter they will cross them and never know until they come to something else that tells them. It's so with us. We cross from this friendliness into love, thinking there are landmarks to guide us. But the landmarks may be hid, and we do not know until something else tells us we have crossed. And with some"—and she nodded back toward the house—"there will be no retracing of the steps. Suppose you left your image with her. A treasure she will think it. It will prove a curse. You say you care for her?"

I saw what she was coming to and nodded in assent. "There is the one way to show it—not to her. No, not to her. That is the hardest thing, I know, but the truest proof, that you will be content for your love's sake to let her think ill of you."

Dorothy's voice sounded yet louder. She came out into the porch. Mary Tyson hurried toward her, and, receiving some order, disappeared into the house. Dorothy came slowly down the path toward me. "You were very busy with Mary Tyson," said she.

"She was talking to me of the landmarks," said I.

"But one cannot see them," said she, looking toward the hillside. I stood silent by her side. It was not that Mary Tyson's words had so greatly impressed me. I believed, indeed, that she spoke out of an overmastering jealousy for the girl's welfare. But I asked myself, since she had said so much, knowing so little of me, what would she have said had she known the truth? The temptation to set the sheriff on my path would long ago, I was certain, have become an accomplished act. Nor could I have blamed her. I was brought back to my old thought that I was wearing this girl's friendship as a thief may wear a stolen cloak.

"There is something I ought to tell you," said I suddenly, and came to a no less sudden stop the moment that the sound of the words told me whether I was going. "But at this time," I continued in the inmost of conclusions, "I have no right to tell it you," and so babbled a word or two more. She gave a little quiet laugh, and, instead of answering me, began to hum over to herself that melody of "The Honest Lover." In the midst of a bar she broke off. I heard her breath come and go quickly. She turned and ran into the house.

That night, at all events, I acted upon an impulse of which I have never doubted the rectitude. Since I could not restore to her the stolen cloak, I took that other course and dropped it by the wayside. I wrote a brief note of thanks to Mr. Curwen, and, when the house was quiet, I crept from my room along the passage, and, dropping out of that window which my host had shown me on the night of my coming to Applegarth, betook me under the starshine across the fells.

CHAPTER XV.

I REVISIT BLACKLADIES.

THAT night I lay in the bracken on the hillside looking down into Ennerdale. Far below I could see one light burning in an upper window at the eastern side of Applegarth. It burned in Dorothy's chamber, and its yellow homeliness tugged at my heart as I lay there, the lonesome darkness about me, the shrill cry of the wind in my ears. The light burned very late that night. The clouds were gradually drawn like a curtain beneath the stars, and still it burned, and it was the blurring of the rain which at the last hid it from my sight.

For the next three days I hid among the hills betwixt Borrowdale and Applegarth. I was now fallen upon the last days of September, and the weather very shrewd, with black drenching storms of rain which would sweep up the valleys with extraordinary suddenness, impenetrable as a screen, blotting out the world. The wind, too, blew from the north, bitter and cold, moaning up and down the faces of cliffs, whistling through the grasses, with a sound imitatively desolate, and twisting to a very whirlpool in the gaps or between the mountain-peaks. To make my case the harder, I had come away in that haste and oblivion of all but the necessity of my departure, that I had made little provision in my dress to defend me against the lashing of the wind and rain. I had picked up a hat and a long cloak, it is true, but for the rest I wore no stouter covering than that suit of white which Mary Tyson had laid out for me so reluctantly. It was an unfit garb for my present life, and one that was to prove a considerable danger to me. But it was the cold discomfort of it which vexed me now. I had occasion enough to reflect on this folly of my precipitation as I lay crouched in some draughty cave of bowlders, watching the livelong day the clouds lower and lift, the battalions of the rain trample across the fells, and seeking to warm myself with the thought of that army in Scotland march-

ing to the English borders. At nightfall I would creep down into Borrowdale, procure food from one of my old tenants who was well disposed to me, and so get me back again to some jutting corner whence I could look down Gillerthwaite to Applegarth. But I looked in vain for the lights of the house. On the night of my departure I saw them, but never afterward, even when the air was of the clearest, so that I knew not what to think, and was almost persuaded to return thither that I might ascertain the cause.

So for four days and nights, while an old thought shaped to a resolve. For in the pocket of my coat I had carried away not merely the button I had discovered in the garden at Blackladies—that never left my person—but the letter Tash had brought to me from Lord Derwentwater. I had been interrupted in the reading of it by Curwen's return and so had crammed it into my pocket with some part of it unread. However, I gave my very careful heed to it now.

"My own affairs," it ran on, "have come to so desperate a pass that I dare not poke my nose into the matter of Herbert's arrest; I live, indeed, in hourly expectation of arrest. Your servant came again to me from Blackladies, the other day, and told me a watch was no longer kept upon the house."

And, since I had no knowledge that England was stirring in support of the rebellion, I determined to hazard an interview with my cousin; and so, late on the fifth night, climbed into the garden of Blackladies and let myself into the house as I had once seen Jervas Rookley do. I stood for a little, feeling the darkness throb heavily about me with all the memories of that fatal night which had compassed my undoing.

Then I crossed toward the hall, but, my cloak flapping and dragging noisily at a chair as I passed, I loosed it from my shoulders and left it there. No lamp was burning in the hall, and, since the curtains were drawn close over the lower windows, only the faintest of twilights, penetrating through the upper panes, made a doubtful glimmering beneath the roof; so that one seemed to be standing in a deep well.

The dining-room lay to my right on the further side of the hall. I made toward it, and of a sudden came sharply to a halt, my heart fairly quivering within me. For it seemed to me that the figure of a man had suddenly sprung out of the darkness and was advancing to me, but so close that the next step would bring our heads knocking against each other. And he had made no sound. As I stopped the figure stopped. For a moment I stood watching it, holding my breath, then I clapped my hand to my sword, and the next moment I could have laughed at my alarm. For the figure copied my gesture. It was, moreover, dressed in clothes of a white color from top to toe, and it was for that reason I saw its movements so distinctly. But I was likewise dressed in white. The one difference, in fact, between us which I noted was a certain black sheen in which it stood framed. I reached out a hand; it slid upon the polished surface of a great mirror.

The dining-room, I knew, opened at the side of this mirror, and I groped cautiously for the handle of the door, but before I found it my hand knocked against the key. With equal caution I opened the door to the width of an inch or so. A steady light shone upon the side of the wall, and through the opening there came the sound of a man snoring. I put my head into the room; and there, to my inexpressible delight, was Jervas Rookley. He was dressed in a suit of black satin, stretched to his full length upon a chair in front of a blazing fire, his head thrown back, his periwig on the floor, his cravat loosened, his shoes unbuckled off his feet.

I closed the door behind me; then opened it again and pocketed the key, against which my hand had struck. The truth is, that I was come into the man's presence, which I had before considered the most difficult part of the business. I now, on the contrary, saw very clearly that it was the easiest. I had not merely to come into his presence; I had to win out of it afterward, and, moreover, I had somehow or another to twist from him the information about Mr. Herbert's whereabouts, for which I had adventured the visit.

I stepped on tiptoe across the carpet and seated myself in a chair facing him at the corner of the fireplace. Then I sought to arrange in order the questions I should put to him. But, in truth, I found the task wellnigh beyond my powers. It was all very well to tell myself that I was here on behalf of my remnant honor to secure the enlargement of Mr. Herbert. But the man was face to face with me; the firelight played upon his honest face and outstretched limbs; and I felt hatred spring up in me and kindle through my veins like fire. Up till now, so engrossed had I been by the turmoil of my own more personal troubles, I had given little serious thought to Jervas Rookley: I had taken his treachery almost callously as an accepted thing, and the depths of my indignation had only been stirred against myself. Now, however, every piece of trickery he had used on me crowded in upon my recollections. I might cry out within myself, "Anthony Herbert! Anthony Herbert!" Anthony Herbert was none the less pushed to the backward of my mind. That honest face was upturned to the light, and my thoughts swarmed about it. I scanned it most carefully. It was more than common flushed and swollen, for which I was at no loss to account, since a bottle of French brandy stood on a little table at his elbow, three parts empty, and a carafe of water, three parts full. I reached over for the bottle, and, rinsing out his glass, helped myself, bethinking me that after my exposure of the three last days its invigoration might prove of use to me.

But as I sat there and drank the brandy, and watched Jervas Rookley's face, my fingers even strayed to the hilt of my sword; I moved the weapon gently backward and forward, so as to satisfy my ears with the pleasant jingle of the hanger; I half drew the blade from the sheath and rubbed my thumb along the edge until the blood came; and then I sat looking at the blood, and from the blood to Jervas Rookley, until, at last, overmastering desire grew hot about my heart. It was no longer the edge or the point of the sword which I desired to employ. I wanted to smash in that proud, honest face with the big pommel, and I feared the moment of his awakening lest I should yield to the temptation.

Fortunately, his first movement was one that diverted my thoughts; for, as he opened his eyes, he stretched out his hands to the brandy bottle. It was nearer to my elbow, however, on the mantel-piece, and I refilled my own glass. It was, I think, the sound of the liquor tinkling into the glass more than my words which made Rookley open his eyes. He blinked at me for a moment. "You?" said he, but blankly, with the stupor of his sleep still heavy upon him.

"Yes!" said I, drinking the brandy. He followed the glass to my lips, and woke to the possession of some part of his senses.

"I had expected you before," says he, and sits clicking his tongue against the roof of his mouth, and swallowing, as though his throat was parched.

"So I believe," I returned; "you had even gone so far as to prepare for me a fitting welcome."

He was by this time wide awake. He picked up his peruke, clapped it on his head, and stood up in his stocking feet. "Your servants, sir," says he, with inimitable assurance, "will always honor their master with a fitting welcome, so long as I am steward, on whatever misfortunes he may have declined."

"I meant," I said, "a welcome not so much fitting my mastership as that honesty of yours, Mr. Rookley, which my Lord Derwentwater tells me is all on the outside." I bent forward, keeping my eyes upon his face. But not a muscle jerked in it.

"Ah!" said he, in an indifferent voice. "Did Lord Derwentwater tell you that? Well, I had never a great respect for his discernment," and he stood looking into the fire. Then he glanced at me and uttered a quiet little laugh. "So you knew," said he easily. "I had it in my mind that you did, but I could not be certain."

"I have known it," I cried, exasperated out of all control by his cool audacity; and with a wave of the hand he interrupted me.

"You will excuse me," he said politely, "and then there is no longer any reason why I should stand, is there?" and he resumed his seat and slipped his feet into his shoes. "Now," said he, "if you will pass the bottle."

"No!" I roared in a fury.

"Well, well," he returned, "since there seems some doubt which of us is host and which guest I will not press the request. You were saying that you have known it."

"Since one evening when you showed me a private entrance into Blackladies," I cried; and, bending forward to press upon him the knowledge that he had thereby foiled himself, I added, in some triumph: "I have great reason to thank you for that, Mr. Jervas Rookley."

He leaned forward, too, so that our heads were close together. "And for more than that," said he. "Believe me, dear Mr. Clavering, that is by no means all you have to thank me for," and he very affectionately patted my knee.

"And that is very true," says I, as I drew my knee away. "For I have to thank you for the fourth part of a bottle of brandy, but I cannot just bring to mind any other occasion of gratitude."

"Oh, gratitude!" says he, with a reproachful shake of the hand. "Fie, Mr. Clavering! Between gentlemen and cousins the word stinks—it positively stinks! Whatever little service I have done for you calls for no such big-sounding name." His voice, his looks, his gestures were such as a man notes only in a friend, and a friend that is perplexed by some unaccountable suspicion. "But you spoke of honesty," he continued, throwing a knee across the other and spreading out his hands. "It is very true I played a trick on you in coming to Paris as your servant. But it is a trick which my betters had used before me. Your Duke of Ormond got him into France with the help of a lackey's livery; and your redoubtable Mar—"

At that name I started.

"It is indeed so," he said earnestly. "The Earl of Mar, I have it on the best authority, worked his passage as a collier into Scotland."

It was not, however, that I was concerned at all as to how the Earl of Mar had escaped unremarked from London; but it suddenly occurred to me, as an explanation of Rookley's friendly demeanor, that the insurrection might be sweeping southward on a higher tide of success than I had been disposed to credit. If that was the case, Mr. Jervas Rookley would of a certainty be anxious still to keep friends with me.

"So you see, Mr. Clavering," he went on, "I have all the precedents that a man could need to justify me."

"Well," said I, "it is not the trick itself which troubles me so much as your design it executing it."

"Design?" says he, taking me up in a tone of wonderment. "You are very suspicious, Mr. Clavering. But I do not wonder at it, knowing in what school you were brought up;" and, rising from his chair, he took a pipe from the mantel-shelf and commenced to fill it with tobacco. "The suspicion, however, is unjust." He bent down and plucked a splinter of burning wood out of the fire. "You did not smoke, I believe, but most like you do now, and at all events you will have grown used to the smell."

I started forward and stared at him. He lighted his pipe with great deliberation. "Yes," said he, nodding his head at me, "the suspicion is unjust." He threw the splinter into the fire and sat down again. "And how is little Dorothy Curwen?" he asked, with a lazy, contemptuous smile.

I sprang out of my seat, stung by the contempt rather than the surprise his words were like to arouse in me. And this, I think, he perceived, for he laughed to himself. "Then you knew," I exclaimed, recovering myself, "you knew where I was sheltered?"

"A gentleman riding down Gillerthwaite at three o'clock of the morning is sufficiently rare a sight to attract attention. I believe that, luckily, the shepherd who saw you only gossiped to a tenant of Blackladies."

I remembered the flock of sheep which I had seen scared up the hillside across the valley. But it was on my return from Keswick that I had been remarked no later than a day after Rookley had striven to encompass my arrest. "The news," said I, very slowly, "came to you in a roundabout fashion, and took, I suppose, some time in the coming. I infer, therefore, that it came to your ears after the Earl of Mar had risen

in Scotland." I was leaning upon the mantel-piece, looking down into his face, on which the fire shone with a full light, and just for a moment his face changed, the slightest thing in the world, but enough to assure me that my conjecture was right.

"There are inferences, my good cousin," he said sharply, "which are not overprudent for a man so delicately circumstanced as yourself to draw."

There was a note of disappointment in the tone, as though he would fain have hoodwinked me still into the belief that he stood my friend. And it suddenly occurred to me that there was a new danger in this knowledge of his—a danger which concerned not so much me as the people who had sheltered me. I resumed, accordingly, in a more amicable tone: "It was not, however, of my whereabouts that I came hither to speak to you, but of the whereabouts of Mr. Herbert."

"Mr. Herbert?" says he, playing surprise, "what should I know of Mr. Herbert? Now if I were to ask you of the whereabouts of Mr. Herbert there would be some sense in the question, eh?" and he chuckled cunningly and poked a forefinger into my ribs. I struck the hand aside.

"What, indeed, should you know of Mr. Herbert," I cried—"you, who plotted his arrest?"

"Arrest?" he interrupted, yet more dumfounded. "Plot?"

"That is the word," said I. "Plot! A simple word enough, though with a damned dirty underhand meaning."

"Ah!" he returned, with a sneer, "you take that interest in the husband, it appears, which I imagined you to have reserved for his wife. But as for plots and arrests—why, I know no more of what you mean than does the Khan of Crim Tartary."

"Then," said I, "will you tell me why you paid a visit to Mr. Herbert the night before he was arrested? And why you told him that if he came to Blackladies on the afternoon of the next day he would find Mrs. Herbert and myself in the garden?"

It was something of a chance shot—for I had no more than suspicion to warrant me—but it sped straight to its mark. Rookley started back in his chair, huddling his body together. Then he drew himself up erect with a certain defiance. "But, zounds, man!" he exclaimed, like one exasperated with perplexity, "what maggot's on your brains? Why should I send Herbert—devil take the fellow!—to find you in the garden, when I knew you would not be there?"

"And I can answer that question with another," said I. "Who were in the garden at the time Mr. Herbert was to discover us?"

"The gardeners, I suppose," said he, thrusting his wig away to scratch his head.

"It is a queer kind of gardener that wears buttons of this sort," said I; and I pulled the button from my pocket and held it before his eyes in the palm of my hand. He bent forward, examined the button, and again looked at me inquiringly. "I picked it up," I explained, "on a little plot of trampled grass in the Wilderness on the next morning."

Rookley burst into a laugh, and slapped his thighs. "Lord, Mr. Clavering!" he cried, and, rising from his chair, he walked briskly about the room. "your button is something too small to carry so weighty an accusation."

"Nay," I answered, smiling in my turn, "the button, though small, is metal solid enough. It depends upon how closely it is sewn to the cloth of my argument. It is true that I picked up the button on the morning that the soldiers came for me, but I was in the house on the afternoon before and I saw—"

Jervas Rookley stopped in his walk, and his laughter ceased with the sound of his steps. "You were in the house?" His mouth so worked that he pronounced the words awry. "You were in the house?"

"In the little parlor which gives on to the terrace." Had I possessed any doubt before as to his complicity, the doubt would have vanished now. He reeled for a moment, as if he had been struck, and the blood mottled in his cheeks. "The house door may be left open for one man, but two men may enter it," said I.

"You saw?" He took a step round the table and leaned across the corner of it. "What did you see?"

I took up a lighted candle from the table. "I will show you," said I, and walked to the door. He followed me at first with uncertain steps. The steps grew firm behind my back. They seemed to me significant of a growing purpose, so in the hall I stopped. "We are good cousins, you and I," said I, holding the candle so that the flame lighted his face.

"Without a doubt," says he readily. "You begin to see that you have mistaken me."

"I was thinking rather," said I, "that being good cousins, we might walk arm in arm."

"I should count it an honor," said he, with a bow.

"And it will certainly be a relief to me," said I, and accordingly I took his arm.

We crossed the hall into the little parlor. The window stood open, as I had left it, with the curtains half drawn. Rookley busily pushed them back, while I set the candle down. The sky had cleared during the last half-hour, and the moon, which was in its fourth quarter, hung like a globe above the garden.

"I met Mr. Herbert in the hall," said I, "just inside this room. We had some talk—of a kind you can imagine. He went down the steps with his sword drawn. Then he dropped his cloak, then he slashed at the bushes. Between those two trees he passed out of sight. I stepped out into the terrace to follow him, but before I had reached the flight of steps I heard a pistol crack and saw a little cloud of smoke hang above the bushes there. I found the button the next morning at the very spot, and, by the button, the pistol. It was Mr. Herbert's pistol. That," said I, "is my part of the story. But, perhaps, if we go back to the warmer room you will give me your part. For I take it that you were not in the house, else you would have heard my voice, but, rather, in the garden. You made a great mistake in not looking toward the terrace, my cousin," and again I took his arm and we walked back.

I was, indeed, rather anxious to discover the whereabouts of Rookley during that afternoon, since, so far, I had been able to keep Mrs. Herbert's name entirely out of the narrative. If Jervas Rookley had been in the

garden during the afternoon, and had only returned to the house in time to intercept Lord Derwentwater's letter concerning the French king's health, and had thereupon ridden off to apply for a warrant against me, why, there was just a chance that I might save Mrs. Herbert from figuring in the business at all.

Rookley said nothing until we were got back into the dining-room, but walked thoughtfully, his arm in mine. I noticed that he was carrying in his left hand the cord by which the curtains in the little parlor were fastened. He stood swinging it to and fro, mechanically. "Your suspicions," said he, "discompose me. They discompose me very much. I gave you credit for more generosity," and, lifting up the brandy bottle, he held it with trembling hands betwixt him and the candle.

"I am afraid that it is empty," said I.

"If you will pardon me," said he, "I will even fetch another." He laid the cord upon the table, advanced to the door and opened it wide. I saw him slide his hand across the lock.

"The key is in my pocket," I said.

He looked at me with a sorrowful shake of the head. "Your suspicions discompose me very much," and he came back for a candle. I noticed, too, that he carelessly picked up the cord again.

"I think," said I, "that I will help you to fetch that bottle," and I went with him into the hall.

There was something new in the man's bearing which began to alarm me. He still used the same tone of aggrieved affection, but with an indefinable difference, which was none the less very apparent to me. His effort seemed no longer to aim at misleading me, but rather to sustain the pretense that he was aiming to mislead me. It seemed to me that since he had become aware of what I knew concerning his treachery he had devised some new plan and kept his old tone to hinder me from suspecting it. I noticed, too, a certain deliberateness in the indifference of his walk, a certain intention in the discomposure.

In the hall he stopped, and, setting down the candle upon a cabinet, turned to face me. "Why did you come with me?" he asked gently.

"I did not know but what you might call your servants, and, as you put it, I am delicately circumstanced."

He raised his hands in a gesture of pity. "See what suspicion leads a man to! My servants hold you in so much respect that if I harbored designs against your safety, to call my servants would be to ruin me."

I was inclined to believe that what he said was in a measure true, for I remembered the interview which I had had with Ashlock in the steward's office, and the subsequent consideration which had been shown me. "Then look!" I said of a sudden, pointing my arm. Right in front of me, on that vacant space of the wall among the pictures, hung a portrait of Jervas Rookley. Rookley started ever so little, and then stood eying me keenly, the while he swung round and round in a little circle the tassel of the curtain cord.

"You prate to me of suspicions," I cried, "there's the proof of their justice. This estate of Blackladies I held on one condition, that you should receive no benefit from it. We jogged side by side, you and I, cousins, with hearts cozily mated in the same endeavor. 'You still profess it! Then explain to me! How comes it the Whigs leave you alone—your, stripped of your inheritance because of the very principles which outlawed me? Explain that, and I'll still believe you. Prove that you live here without the government's connivance! I'll forget the rest of my suspicions. I'll count you my loyal friend—only show me this! How comes it that I make my bed upon the bracken and you lord it at Blackladies? Your presence the common talk, your picture staring from the walls,' and in my rage I plucked my sword from the sheath and slashed his portrait across the face, lengthwise and breadthwise in a cross.

The tassel stopped swinging. His shoulders hunched ever so little, his head came forward, the eyes shone out their brightness like beads, and his face tightened to that expression of foxy cunning I had noted before in mid-Channel between Dover and Dunkirk. "It is a gallant swordsman," he said, "and a prudent, too."

"He looks to the original," I cried, "to give him the occasion of imprudence," and I faced him.

"Then in a better way," said he, with the quietest laugh, and he sprang back suddenly to the cabinet on which the candle stood. "We will make a present of a Michaelmas goose to King George."

I saw his hand for an instant poised above the flame, red with the light of it; I saw his figure, black from head to foot, and at his elbow another figure, white from head to foot, the reflection of myself in the mirror by his side; and then his palm squashed down upon the wick.

The hall fell to darkness just as I made the first step toward him. I halted on the instant. He could see me, I could not see him! He had thrown off the mask, he had proclaimed himself my enemy, and he knew where I had been sheltered. It was that thought which slipped into my mind as the darkness cloaked about me, and made me curse the folly of my intrusion here. I had hazarded not merely myself, but Dorothy and her father. He could see me, I could not see him, and the outcome of this adventure struck at Dorothy!

I slipped backward as lightly as I could, until the edge of a picture-frame rubbed against my shoulder-blades, and so stood gripping my sword-hilt, straining my ears. Across the hall I seemed to hear Rookley breathing, but it was the only sound I heard. There was no shuffle of a foot, no rattle of a scabbard; he had not moved.

Above me the twilight glimmered beneath the roof; about me the chamber was black as the inside of a nailed coffin. If I could only reach the windows and tear the curtains back; but half the length of the hall intercepted me, and to reach them I must needs take my back from the wall. That I dared not do; and I stood listening helplessly to the sound of Rookley's breathing. In that pitch-dark hall it seemed to shift from quarter to quarter. At one moment I could have sworn I heard his breath, soft as a sigh, a foot's length from me; I could almost have sworn I felt it at my neck; and in a panic I whirled my sword from side to side, but it touched nothing within the half-circle of its reach.

My fears, indeed, so grew upon me that I was in two minds whether or no to shout and bring the servants about me. It would, at all events, end the suspense. But I dared not do it. Jervas Rookley distrusted them. But how much more cause had I! I could not risk the safety of Applegarth upon their doubtful loyalty. And then a sharp sound broke in upon the silence. It set my heart fluttering and fainting within me by reason of its abruptness so that for a moment I was dazed and could not come at the reason of it. It was a clattering sound, and, so far as I could gather, it came from the spot where I had last seen Jervas Rookley standing. It was like the sound of a shoe dropped upon the boards. I knew not why, but the sound steadied, though it appaled me. It spoke of a doubled danger and cried for a doubled vigilance. Rookley could not only see my white figure; he could move to it noiselessly, for he was slipping off his shoes.

I listened for the creak of a board, for the light padding noise of stockinged feet, for the rustle of his coat; and, while I listened, I moved my sword gently in front of me, but my sword touched nothing and my ears heard nothing. Yet he must be coming—stealthily stepping across the hall. I felt his coming. From what quarter would he come? During those seconds of waiting the question became a torture.

And then a momentary hope shot through me. When he put the candle out his sword was in the scabbard. He had not drawn it since; I had listened so strenuously that I must have heard! However carefully he drew it, a chain would clink; or, if not that, the scabbard might knock against his leg; or, if not that, there would be a little whirl, a sort of whisper as the blade slid upward out of the sheath.

There was still a chance, then. At that point of the darkness from which the sound should come I would strike—strike, the moment I heard it, with all my strength, down toward the floor. I tightened my fingers about my sword-hilt and waited. But it was a very different noise which struck upon my hearing, a noise that a man may make in the drawing of a heavy sack. I drew myself up close to the wall, setting my feet together, pressing my heels against the panels. The sound filled me with such terror as I think I have never before or since known the like of. For I could not explain it to myself. I only knew that it was dangerous. It seemed to me to come from somewhere about midway of the room, and I held my breath that I might judge the better on its repetition. After a moment it was repeated, but nearer, and by its proximity it sounded so much the more dangerous. I sprang toward it. A sobbing cry leaped from my lips, and I lunged at a venture into the darkness. But again my sword touched nothing, and with the force of that unresisted thrust I stumbled forward for a step or two. My cry changed into a veritable scream. I felt the fingers of a hand gently steal about each of my ankles and then tighten on them like iron fetters. I understood; half-way across the room Rookley had lowered himself full-length upon the floor, and was crawling toward me. I raised my sword to strike, but, even as I raised it, he jerked my feet from beneath me and I fell face forward with a crash right across his body. My sword flew out of my hand, and went rolling and clattering into the darkness. My forehead struck against the boards, and for a moment I lay half-stunned. It was only for a moment, but when that moment had passed Jervas Rookley was upon me, his arms twined about mine and drawing them behind me, his knees pressed with all his might into the small of my back.

"We will truss the goose before we send it to King George," said he.

CHAPTER XVI.

ASHLOCK GIVES THE NEWS.

THEN I remembered the curtain cord. I felt that Rookley was trying to pass it from one hand to the other beneath my arms; I could hear the tassel bobbing and jerking on the floor, and I summoned all my strength to draw my arms apart. For if he prevailed, here was the end of all my fine resolve to secure Mr. Herbert's enlargement!

I had flattered myself with that prospective atonement as though it was a worthy action already counted to my credit. I saw this in a flash now, now that I was failing again, and the perception was like an agony in my bones. It seemed to me that a woman's face rose out of the darkness before me, mournful with reproach, and the face was not the Wife's who waited in Keswick, but Dorothy's. She looked at me from beneath a hood half thrown back from the head, and across her shoulder, as though she had passed me—even as I had seen in my fancies a woman's face look at me when I had watched the procession of my hours to come in the rector's library at the Jesuit college.

Meanwhile Rookley's knee so closely pressed me to the floor that my struggles did but exhaust myself and delay the event. I was no match for him in bodily strength, and he held me, moreover, at that disadvantage wherein a weak man might well have triumphed over a strong one. I could get no purchase, either with hand or foot, and lay like a fish flapping helplessly on the deck of a boat, the while he pressed my arms closer and closer together.

It is not to be imagined that this unequal contest lasted any great while. The thoughts which I have described raced through my mind, while my cry seemed still to be echoing about the walls, and, as though in answer to that cry, a latch clicked as I felt the cord tighten about my elbows.

The sound came from somewhere on the opposite side of the hall, and I do not think that Rookley heard it; for now and again he laughed in a low, satisfied fashion, as though engrossed in the pleasure of his task. I heard a shuffling of feet and a light brightened in the passage which led to the steward's office. A great hope sprang up within me. There was one servant in the house whom I could trust.

"Ashlock!" I shouted, at the top of my voice. The footsteps quickened to a run.

"Damn you!" muttered Rookley, and he let go the cord. He had raised his hand to strike, but I did not give him time; with a final effort I gathered up my knees beneath me and raised myself on my forearms;

Rookley's balance was disturbed already. He put out a hand to the floor. I got the sole of my foot upon the boards, jerked him off my back and rolled over upon him, with my fingers at his throat. Ashlock ran toward us with a lighted lamp in his hand. I let go my hold and got to my feet. Rookley did the same.

"You came in the nick of time," said Rookley; "my good cousin would have murdered me," and he arranged his cravat.

"That's a lie!" said I, with a breath between each word.

"It was Mr. Clavering's cry I heard," said Ashlock, and, while he spoke, a commotion arose in the upper part of the house. Doors opened and shut, there was a hurry of footsteps along the passages, and voice called to voice in alarm. My cry had roused the household, and I saw Jervas Rookley smile. I crossed the hall and picked up my sword. As I returned with it, a white face peeped over the balusters of the staircase.

"I have fought with you in your way," said I: "it is your turn to fight with me in mine."

Rookley crossed his arms. "To fight with a hunted traitor!" said he. "Indeed, my cousin, you ask too much of me. I would not rob the galleys of so choice a morsel. Bertham, Wilson, Blackit!" and he lazily called up the stairs to the servants clustered there, "this is your work. Ashlock, do you get on a horse and carry the news to the sheriff."

I glanced at Ashlock; he did not stir. On the staircase I heard a conflict of muttering voices, but as yet no one had decided. So a full minute passed, while my life, and more than my life, hung in the balance. I kept my eyes on Rookley, debating in mind what I should do if his servants obeyed him; every vein in my body tingled with the desire to drive at him with my sword-point; but he stood, quietly smiling, his arms folded, his legs crossed. I could not touch him; being unarmed, he was best armed of all, and doubtless he knew it.

"Well!" he asked, as with some impatience, "are my servants leagued against their master to betray his king?"

One man descended a couple of steps, and then Ashlock spoke: "Sir," he said, "it is not for poor men like us to talk of kings. Kings are for you, masters are for us. And as it seems there are two kings for you to choose between, so there are two masters for the likes of us. And for my part"—he raised his voice, and, with his voice, his face toward the stairs—"for my part I stand here!" and he crossed over to me and stood by my side.

I can see the old man now as he held up the lamp in his tremulous hand, and the light fell upon his wrinkled face. I can hear his voice ringing out cold and confident. It was Ashlock who saved me that night. I saw the servants draw back at his words, the mutter of voices recommenced.

"Very well," cried Rookley, starting forward, "choose him for your master, then, and see what comes of it!" He shook his fist toward the servants in his passion. "One and all, you pack to-morrow! Your master still is the master of Blackladies."

"They have no master, then," I cried; for it seemed that at his words they again pressed forward. "For you have less rights here than I."

Rookley turned and took a step or two toward me, his eyes blazing, his face white. But he spoke in a low voice, nodding his head between the words: "They shall pay for this at Applegarth."

It was my turn to start forward.

"Dorothy Curwen shall pay for this! Little Dorothy Curwen!" with a venomous sneer. "Your friend, eh? But mine, too. Ah! my good cousin, it seems your ill-fortune always to come second."

At that I did what I had so much longed to do when I first saw him asleep. He was within two feet of me; I held my drawn sword in my hand. I made no answer to him in speech, but the instant the words were past his lips I took my sword by the blade, raised it above my head and brought the hilt crashing down upon his face. He spun round upon his heels and pitched sideways at my feet. "Now, Ashlock," said I, "get me a horse."

"But there's no such thing, sir, at Blackladies," he replied. "They were seized this many a week back."

"How travels this?" and I pointed to Jervas Rookley.

"He travels no further than between the dining-room and the cellar," and I crossed into the little parlor and picked up my cloak and hat. Then I returned to the hall. Bertham had raised Jervas Rookley's head upon his knee, and Wilson came from the kitchen with a basin of water and a towel. They looked at me doubtfully, but said no word. I went to the hall door, unfastened the bolts, and started at a run down the path. I had not, however, advanced many yards when a cry from behind brought me to a halt, and in a little old Ashlock joined me.

"I did but go for my hat, sir," he said reproachfully. "A bald pate and an old man. They are two things that go ill with a night wind." He was walking by my side as he spoke, and the words touched me to an extreme tenderness. He was venturing himself without a question into unknown peril, and for my sake. I could hear his steps dragging on the gravel, and I stopped.

"It must not be," I said. "God knows I would be blithe and glad to have a friend to bear me company, and it is a true friend you have been to me"—I laid a hand upon his shoulder—"but it is into dangers and hardships I shall be dragging you, and that I have no right to do, without I can give you strength to win through them, and that strength I cannot give. These last days, the rain and hail have beat upon me by day and the night wind has whistled through my bones in the dark. My roof-tree has been a jutting rock, my bed the copping bracken, and so it will be still. It needs all my youth to bear it; it will mean death, and a quick death, to you. You must go back."

"Master Lawrence," he replied, catching at my arm, "Master Lawrence, I cannot go back!" and there was something like a sob in his voice.

"Had we horses," I continued, "I would gladly take you. But even this morning there is work for me to do that cries for all my speed."

Ashlock persisted, however, pleading that I should name a place where he could join me. Two things were

plain to me: one, that he had resolved to throw his lot in with me; the other, that I must cross the fells to Applegarth without the hamper of his companionship. For Jervas Rookley, I felt sure, would seize the first moment of consciousness to exact retribution. At last a plan occurred to me. "You have crossed to Lord's Island already," I said. "Go to Lord Derwentwater again. Tell him all you have heard to-night and make this request in my name: that he will keep you until I send word where you can join me."

"But Lord Derwentwater has fled!" Ashlock exclaimed. "He fled north to Lambert, and then got to his seat at Dilston."

"He has fled? How know you this?"

"I was at Lord's Island this two days since, sir, seeking news of you. The warrant was out for him even then; he meets with Forster at Greening on the 6th of October, and told me he had sent to your hiding-place to bid you join him there."

"At Greening with Forster? Then the country's risen!" I could have gone down on my knees as I had seen Mr. Curwen do. "If only God wills, the rising shall succeed!" and I cried out my prayer from a feeling even deeper than that I cherished for the king. "Listen, Ashlock! The morning is breaking; do you meet me by noon betwixt Horniston Crag and Ennerdale Lake. There is a path, hidden, within sight of it," and, without waiting to hear more from him, I set out at a run across Borrowdale. It was daylight before I had crossed the valley, and the sun was up. But I cared little now whether or no I was seen and known. Since Jervas Rookley knew I had lain hidden those first weeks at Applegarth, why, it mattered little now who else discovered the fact. But, indeed, Jervas Rookley was not the only one who knew. For when I reached Applegarth I found the house deserted. I banged at the door, and for my pains heard the echo ring chill and solitary through an empty house. I looked about me; not a living being could be seen. Backward and forward I paced in front of those blind windows and the unyielding door. I ran to the back of the house, thinking I might find an entrance there. But the same silence, the same deadly indifference, were the only response I got. I know not what wild fears, what horrible surmises, passed through my mind. It was because the house had sheltered me, I cried to myself, that desolation made home there. I dropped on the grass, and the tears burst from my eyes. For I remembered how Dorothy had lived within the chambers, how her little feet had danced so lightly down the stairs.

Ashlock was already waiting me when I retraced my steps to the Horniston Crag, and indeed I was long behind the time. "To Greening," I said. Toward evening, however, Ashlock's strength gave out, and, coming to the house of a farmer, I procured a lodging. In truth, I was well-nigh exhausted myself. The next day, however, Ashlock was in no condition to accompany me, and, leaving a little money which I had with me for his maintenance, I went forward on my way alone. Sleeping now in a cottage, now in the fields, and little enough in either case, using such means of conveyance as chance offered me upon the road, I came, early in the morning of the 6th, to Greening in Northumberland, and, while wandering hither and thither in search of the place of meeting, and yet not daring to inquire for it, I came upon a cavalcade. It was Lord Derwentwater at the head of his servants, all armed and mounted. I ran forward to meet him.

"What is it, lad?" he asked, rising on his horse. I do not wonder that he had no knowledge of me; for my clothes hung about me in tatters; no dirtier rag-muffin ever tramped a country road.

"How is it they did not seize your horses?" I asked, with my wits wandering. Lord Derwentwater laughed heartily.

"There is a saying of Oliver Cromwell's," he replied, "that he could gain his end in any place with an assload of gold. But who are you that put the question?" and he bent on his horse's neck.

I caught at the reins to save myself from falling. "I am Lawrence Clavering," I said. "You bade me meet you here," and with that I swooned away.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MARCH TO PRESTON.

It was more from the exhaustion of hunger than any other cause that I fainted, and, being come to myself, I was given food and thereafter accommodated with a horse; so that without any great delay the cavalcade proceeded to its rendezvous. We met in with Mr. Forster at the top of a hill which they call the Waterfalls, and swelled his numbers to a considerable degree, there being altogether gathered at this spot, now that we were come, near upon sixty horse, gentlemen and their attendants, and all well armed. After a short council it was decided that we should march northward and meet Brigadier Macintosh at Kelso. Besides, argued Mr. Forster, there was great reason to believe that if we did but appear before the walls, Newcastle would open its gates to us; in the which case we should not only add largely to our forces but secure that of which we stood most in need; I mean ordnance and ammunition. "For," said he, "Sir William Blackett, whose interest is very considerable in the town, has armed and enlisted in troops all the colliers and keelmen and miners in his pay, and does but wait for us to set them in motion."

Accordingly, in the height of confidence and good spirits, the little band set out toward Plainfield on the river Coquett, though, for my part, I could but ponder in the greatest distress upon the deserted aspect of Applegarth. Nor was Lord Derwentwater in any way able to relieve my fears, seeing that he had himself been seeking refuge from one place to another. I was driven, therefore, to persuade myself, as the best hope which offered, that Mr. Curwen and his daughter had embarked upon the "Swallow" and were now come safely to France. Yet somehow, the while I persuaded myself, my heart sank with the thought of the distance that was between us.

We came that night to Rothbury, and, sleeping there, marched the next morning to Warkworth, where, the day being Saturday the 7th of October, Mr. Forster resolved to lie until the Monday. It was in the parish church of Warkworth that Mr. Buxton, our chaplain,

first prayed publicly for King James III., substituting that name for King George; and it was in Warkworth, too, that King James was first of all in England proclaimed king of Great Britain. I remember standing in the market-place, listening to the huzzahing of our forces and watching the hats go up in the air, with how heavy a heart! So that many chided me for the dull face I wore. But I was picturing to myself the delight with which Dorothy would have viewed the scene. I could see her eye sparkle, her little hand clinch upon her whip, I could hear her voice, making a harmony of these discordant shouts.

On Monday we rode out of Warkworth, and, being joined by many gentlemen at Alnwick and other places, and in particular by seventy Scots Horse at Felton Bridge, marched into Morpeth, three hundred strong, all mounted. For we would entertain no foot, since we had not sufficient arms even for those we had mounted, and, moreover, were in a great haste to surprise Newcastle. To this end we hurried to Hexham, where we were joined by some more Scots Horse, and drew out from there on to a moor about three miles distant. It was there that we sustained our first disappointment. For intelligence was brought to us from Newcastle that the magistrates, having got wind of our designs, had gathered the train-bands and militia within the walls, and that the gates were so far from opening to receive us that they had been walled up and fortified with stone and lime to such a degree of strength that without cannon it was useless to attempt them.

Accordingly we marched chapfallen back to Hexham, and lay there until the 19th, with no very definite idea of what we should do next. However, on the 18th a man came running into the town, crying that General Carpenter, with Churchill's Dragoons and Hotham's Foot, and I know not what other regiments, had on this very day arrived at Newcastle from London and without an instant's delay had set about preparing to attack us. The news, you may be sure, threw us into a pretty commotion, and the color of our hopes quite faded. Messengers sped backward and forward between General Forster and Lord Derwentwater and Captain Shaftoe, councils were held, broken up, reformed again; the whole camp hummed and spluttered like a boiling kettle. I passed that day in the greatest despair, for if this rising failed every way was I undone. It was not merely that I should lose my life, but I should lose it without securing that for which I had designed it. I mean Mr. Herbert's liberation. In the midst of this flurry and confusion, however, Mr. Burnett of Carlisle rode into Hexham with a message that Viscount Kenmore, and the Earls of Nethsdale, Carnwath and Wintown had entered England from the western parts of Scotland, and were even now at Rothbury. Mr. Forster returned an express that he would advance to them the next morning; the which we did, greatly enheartened by the pat chance of their arrival, and, being joined together with them, marched in a body to Worler on the following day and rested the Friday in that village.

We crossed the Tweed and entered Kelso on the 22d of October, and about an hour after our entry, the Highlanders, with their attendant bag-pipes playing the strangest stirring melody, were led in by old Macintosh from the Scots side. The joy we all had at the sight of them may be easily imagined, and indeed the expression of it by some of the baser followers was so extravagant that a man can hardly describe it with any dignity. But I think we all halloo'd them as our saviors, and so even persuaded our ears to find pleasure in the rasping of their pipes.

The next day being Sunday, Lord Kenmore ordered that Divine Service should be held in the great Kirk of Kelso, at which Papists and Protestants, Highlanders and Englishmen, attended very reverently together; and I believe this was the first time that the rubric of the Church of England was ever read on this side of the Forth in Scotland. Mr. Patten, I remember, who after turned his coat to save his life, preached from a text of Deuteronomy, "The Right of the first-born is his." And very eloquent, I am told, his sermon was, though I heard little of it, being occupied rather with the gathering of men about me, and wondering whether at last we had the tips of our fingers upon this much contested crown. For the Highlanders, though poorly armed and clad, had the hardest look of any men that ever I saw. My great question indeed was whether among their nobles they had one who could lead. For on our side, except for Captains Nicholas Wogan and Shaftoe, we had few who were versed in military arts, and Mr. Forster betrayed to my thinking more of the incompetency of the born Parliament man than the resourceful instinct of the born strategist; in which opinion, I may say, I was fully warranted afterward by that fatal omission in regard to the Ribble Bridge.

On the Monday morning the Highlanders were drawn up in the churchyard and marched thence to the market-place, in all the bravery of flags flying, and drums beating, and pipes playing. They were formed into a circle, and within that circle another circle of the Gentlemen Volunteers, whereof, through the bounty of Lord Derwentwater, in supplying me with money and arms, I was now become one; and without that circle stood the noblemen. Thereupon a trumpet sounded, and silence being obtained, the Earl of Dumfries proclaimed King James, and read thereafter the famous manifesto which the Earl of Mar sent from his camp at Perth by the hand of Mr. Robert Douglas.

We continued then in Kelso until the following Thursday, the 27th of October, our force being now augmented, what with footmen and horse, to the number of 1,400. The delay, however, gave General Carpenter time to approach us from Newcastle, and he, on this same Thursday, came to Wooler and lay there that night, intending to draw out to Kelso and give us battle on the following day. No sooner was the intelligence received than Lord Kenmore calls a council of war, and here at once it was seen that our present union was very much upon the surface. For whereas Earl Wintown was all for marching into the West of Scotland, others were for passing the Tweed and attacking General Carpenter. For, said they, "in the first place his troops must needs be fatigued, and in the second they do not count more than 500 men all told, whereof the regiments of Dragoons are newly raised and have seen no service."

Now either of these proposals would in all probability have tended to our advantage, but when a multitude of counsels conflict, it is ever upon some weak compromise that men fall at last; and so it came about that we marched away to Jedburgh, intending thence to cross the mountains into England. Here it was that our troubles with the Highlanders began. For they would not be persuaded to cross the borders, saying that once they were in England they would be taken and sold as slaves, a piece of ignorance wherein it was supposed Lord Wintown had tutored them; consequently our plans were changed again, and instead of crossing into North Tynedale we turned aside to Hawick, the Highlanders protesting that they would not keep with us for the distance of an inch upon English soil.

From Hawick we marched to Langholme, a little market-town belonging, like the former, to the Duchesse of Buccleugh; and then we made another very great mistake. For here the Earl of Wintown strongly advised that we should make ourselves masters of Dumfries, and to that end indeed a detachment of cavalry was sent forward in the night to Ecclefechan. And no doubt the advice was just, and the plan easy of accomplishment. Dumfries, he urged, was unfortified either by walls or train-bands; it stood upon a navigable river, whereby we might have succors from France; it opened a passage to Glasgow; and the possession of so wealthy a town would give us great credit with the country gentlemen thereabout, and so be the means of enlarging the command. All these arguments he advanced, as Lord Derwentwater, who was present at the council, informed me, with singular moderation of tone, but finding that they made no sort of headway with the English party,

"It is sheer folly and madness!" he burst out. "You are so eager to reap your doubtful crops in Lancashire that you will not stoop to the corn that lies out at your feet. I tell you there are many stands of arms stored in the Solboth, and a great quantity of gunpowder in the Iron Steeple; which you can have for the mere taking. But you will not; no, you will not. Good God, sirs, your king's at stake; and if you understand not that, your lives!" and so he bounded out of the room.

The trouble is we of the English party were so buoyed up by the expresses we received from Lancashire that nothing would content us but we must march hot-foot into England. And though of course I had no part or share in the decision of our course, I was none the less glad that our side prevailed; nay, more glad than the rest, since I had an added motive. For so long as we remained in Scotland there would be no disturbance of administration in England. Examinations would be conducted, assizes would be held, and, for all I knew, Mr. Herbert might be condemned and hanged while we were yet marching and countermarching upon the borders. The thought of that possibility was like a sword above my head. I raged against my ignorance of the place of Mr. Herbert's detention. Had I but known it, I think that in this hesitation of our leaders I would have foregone those chances of escape which the rebellion promised, and ridden off at night to deliver myself to the authorities. For it was no longer my dishonor if I failed to bring the matter to a happy event, at least for Anthony Herbert and his wife. That I thought; but the prospect of failure struck at something deeper within me. It seemed in truth to reach out sully hands toward Dorothy. I held it in some queer way as a debt to her, due in payment for my knowledge of her, that I should fulfill this duty to its last letter. So whenever these councils were in the holding, I would pace up and down before the general's quarters as a man will before the house in which his mistress lies sick; and when the counselors came forth, you may be sure I was at Lord Derwentwater's elbow on the instant, and the first to have the decision agreed upon.

From Langholme then we crossed into England. It is no part of my story to describe our march to Preston, and I need only make mention of the incident, during its continuance, which had an intimate effect upon my own particular fortunes.

This incident occurred when we were some ten miles out of Penrith. The whole army was drawn up upon a hill and lying upon its arms to rest the men. I was standing by the side of young Mr. Chorley, with my eyes toward Appley, when Mr. Richard Stokor, who acted as quartermaster to Lord Derwentwater's troop, suddenly cried out behind me, "Lord save us! Who is this old put of a fellow?"

"He mounts the white cockade," said young Mr. Chorley, turning and shading his eyes with his hand.

"And moves a living arsenal," said the other with a laugh.

"Yet hardly so dangerous as his companion, I should think."

"Very like. We'll set him in front of the troops, and so march to London with never a shot fired. But, Clavering!" he cried of a sudden. "What ails the man?"

But Clavering was galloping down the hillside by this time, and did not draw rein to answer him. For the old put of a fellow and his companion were no other than Mr. Curwen and his daughter. A living arsenal was in truth no bad description of the old gentleman; for he carried a couple of old muskets slung across his shoulders, a pair of big pistols were stuck in his belt, another pair protruded from the holsters, a long straight sword slapped and rattled against his leg, while a woodman's ax was slung across his body.

When I was a hundred yards from the pair I slackened my horse's speed; when the hundred yards had narrowed to fifty I stopped altogether. For I remembered my unceremonious departure from Applegarth, and was troubled to think with what mien they would accost me. I need, however, have harbored no doubts upon that score. For Mr. Curwen cried out: "I wagered Dorothy the sun to a guinea-piece that we should find you here."

"I did not take the wager," cries Dorothy, as she drew rein. She added demurely, "But only because he could not have paid had he lost."

(Concluded next week.)

It is hard to believe all you read; but when you read COLLIER'S WEEKLY you have your choice. Generally, your choice is to read and learn.